HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XX.—No. 1000.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1876. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

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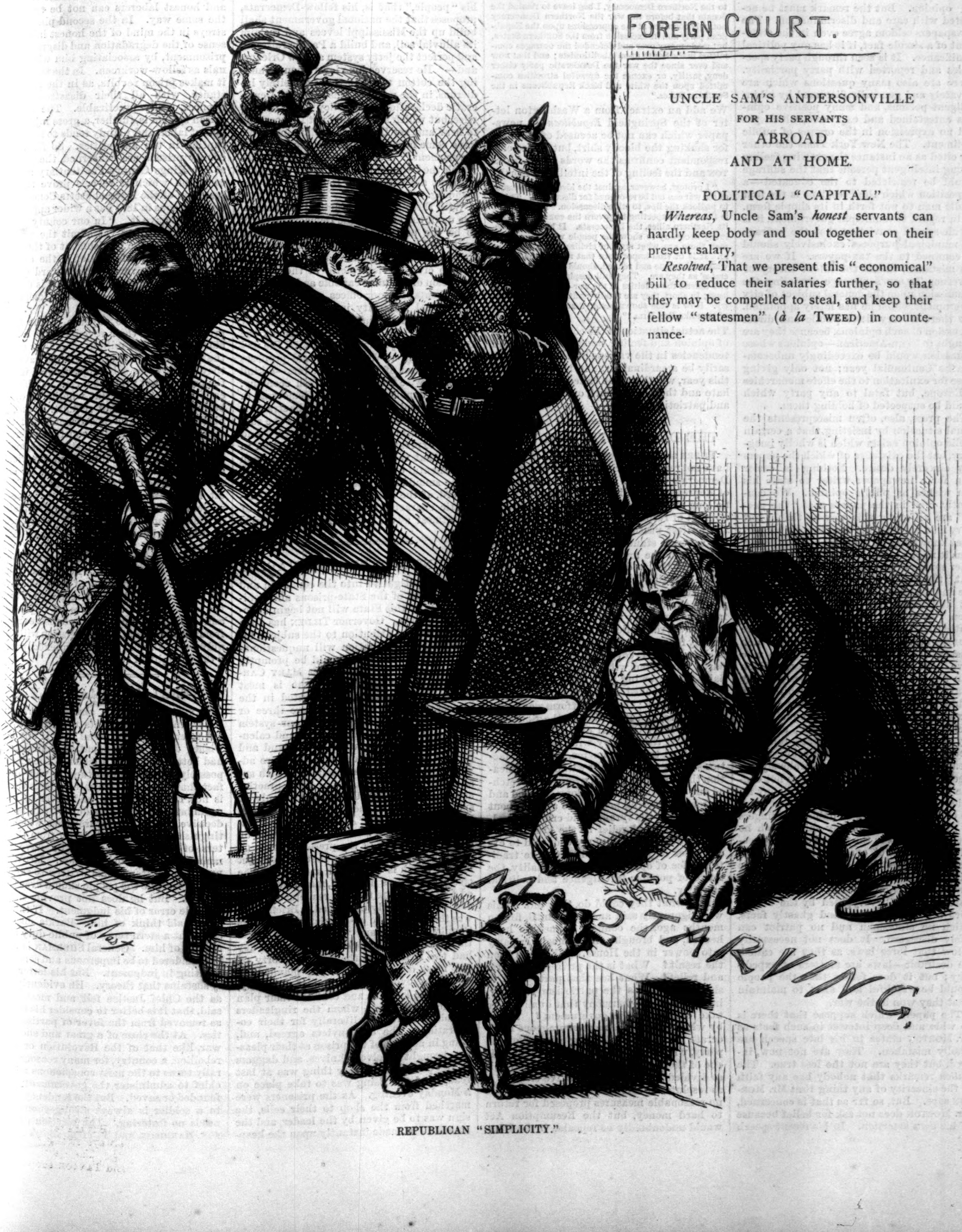
FOREIGN COURT.
UNCLE SAM'S ANDERSONVILLE
FOR HIS SERVANTS
ABROAD
AND AT HOME.
POLITICAL "CAPITAL."
Whereas, Uncle Sam's *honest* servants can hardly keep body and soul together on their present salary,
Resolved, That we present this "economical" bill to reduce their salaries further, so that they may be compelled to steal, and keep their fellow "statesmen" (*à la* TWEED) in countenance.
M. STARVING.
Th. Nast

REPUBLICAN "SIMPLICITY."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 26, 1876.

☞ *The* Illustrated Supplement *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains several very attractive engravings and a variety of interesting reading matter.*

An illustrated Supplement *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* Harper's Weekly.

"THE BLOODY SHIRT."

The press is called the organ of public opinion. But the remark must be accepted with care and discrimination. The newspapers seldom agree even in the statement of a simple fact, if it has any political significance. It is seen through party spectacles and reported with party partiality. There are also many questions which are privately and generally discussed by all intelligent persons, and many positive opinions entertained and expressed, which yet find no expression in the organs of public sentiment. The New York *Times* the other day cited as an instance the growing feeling among intelligent persons that the suffrage should be restricted to the educated—a proposition which the President is the first public man to put forth in its simple form. So, in regard to municipal government, it is a wide-spread conviction that the suffrage for municipal purposes exclusively should be confined to the tax-payers. If we are not mistaken, this is the latent theory of Governor Tilden's message proposing the commission upon the general subject of city government which he has lately appointed. But there is very little public and direct discussion of such opinions, because they are thought to be un-American—opinions whose expression would be exceedingly unbecoming the Centennial year; not only giving cause for exultation to the effete monarchies of Europe, but fatal to any party which should be suspected of holding them.

The press, also, often misrepresents the actual situation by insisting that a certain public opinion exists which is wholly imaginary, but the existence of which the papers may sincerely desire. Nothing is easier than for a newspaper writer to state his own wishes as public opinion. We constantly read in the papers that "the people" are all going this way or that. But every man corrects the assertion by his personal knowledge of his neighbors' opinions. Thus it might be supposed, if there were no other source of knowledge than the papers, that "the bloody shirt" was both an obsolete and a wicked delusion; that there were not and never had been any "outrages" upon the colored people in the Southern States; that nothing could well be more beautiful than the fraternal relations which exist between the races; that those who have been educated to believe the black man the son of a cursed race, designed by Heaven to be the slave of the white, have suddenly changed their minds, and are now anxious to secure to him every equality, especially upon juries in Georgia; and that any body in this Centennial year—this hundredth year since the Declaration, whose great doctrine we have so sedulously respected in this country—who does not confine himself to rejoicing over our happy reunion, but looks to see the facts, is an apostle of hate, delighting to dabble his fingers in the gore of the bloody shirt which he wickedly shakes in the pained eyes of peaceful brethren. Yet every man knows that the newspapers do not represent public opinion upon this subject. There is a very general conviction that the offenses and the system of hostility typified by the bloody shirt are very positive and ghastly facts, which no statesman and no patriot can safely disregard. It does not necessarily follow that force laws, as they are called, are desirable—laws are matters of expediency; but it does follow that the people should be watchful and alert to maintain what they won in the war.

The papers which suppose that there is no wide and deep interest in such facts as Mr. Morton states in his late speech are wholly mistaken. They are not new, indeed, but they are not the less true. The *Nation* remarks that nobody has any faith in the sincerity of any thing that Mr. Morton says. But, so far as that is concerned, Mr. Morton does not ask for belief because of his own assertion. In his recent speech he cites official reports. And when, leaving details, he speaks as follows of a certain political policy, he says what vast numbers of people believe, not because of his assertion, but of their own observation of events and knowledge of history and human nature:

> "In many of the Southern States the policy is openly avowed of seizing all power into the hands of the white race, and depriving the colored people of their political and civil rights. With this policy, commonly known as the white line, it is believed the Democracy sympathize in every Southern State, and I fear to a considerable extent in the Northern States. State after State has been conquered from the majority by violence, and we are no longer left in doubt as to the purpose thus to establish a solid South in the interest of the Democratic party; and when they shall have obtained the control of the national government, to reconstruct the Southern States upon the white man's basis, and to destroy the Republican party by making it impossible for men of Republican principles to enjoy and express their opinions in peace and safety. Then, as before the rebellion, the Republican party will be banished from the South, and it will be to them as a foreign country. When we consider how fearfully rapid the progress has been in that direction even under Republican administration, we can understand how it might be accelerated and consummated with a Democratic President, elected chiefly by the Southern Democracy, and necessarily sympathizing with them in their aspirations. Lest it be said that I do injustice to the Northern Democracy, I beg leave to remind the Senate that before the war the Northern Democracy not only connived at the oppressions upon the Republican party and its exclusion from the Southern States, but made merry over and defended the outrages committed in the South upon Abolitionists; and that now and ever since the war the Democratic party either deny, justify, or excuse the dreadful atrocities committed upon the white and black Republicans in the Southern States."

We add an extract from a Washington letter of the Springfield *Republican*—a newspaper which can not be accused of fondness for shaking the bloody shirt, but whose correspondent confirms the words of Mr. Morton and the feeling of the intelligent North:

> "I protest, however, against the idea that the issues of the war can not be re-opened for discussion. This is to padlock the lips, to stifle discussion. Besides, here is the South expecting to govern the country through its Northern allies, the Democrats. It becomes absolutely necessary to show the people what manner of men these are, what style of civilization they believe in. It is of vital importance that men of the North, who are humane and refined, should see the 'Confederates' as they are. They still despise the negro, they still defend the cruelties of the war—some of them, at least; in short, they are totally unfit to rule the country. How is this shown better than by the speeches of men like Ben Hill?"

The actual situation of the country, the state of opinion and feeling, undeniable facts and tendencies in the various States, will necessarily be a cardinal issue in the election of this year, whether it be called the gospel of hate and the bloody shirt, or common-sense and patriotic sagacity.

THE DEMOCRATIC FAILURE.

There are probably few Republicans who have not rejoiced during the winter that the Democrats obtained a majority in the House of Representatives in the elections of 1874. So long as they were out of power and with no kind of responsibility they could profess the loftiest passion for reform, and try by the severest standard the propositions, the policy, and the arguments of Republicans. They had but to declare that the past was past; that they had forgiven the Republican party for saving the Union and emancipating the slaves; that they had acquiesced in reconstruction; that the Southern brethren, gentle, reconciled, and forgiving, yearned only for universal fraternity. They could declare unreservedly that the Republican party was rotten with abuses; that it was daily overthrowing the Constitution; that corruption reeked in every corner of the Administration; that its platform was a gospel of hate, and its policy in the Southern States a cruel Oriental despotism; that it had cursed the country with paper money, and ruined trade, commerce, and manufactures. They could assert without qualification that every thing was wrong and wretched and intolerable; that a long-deluded and patiently suffering people was at last about to turn upon the tyranny and crimes of radicalism, and find relief in the arms of the Democratic party—a party endeared to every lover of justice and liberty, the traditional foe of oppression and inequality, the nurse of popular intelligence and political morality.

And what they could do, they did. This was vigorously said and sung, until, fifteen months ago, the country seemed to have heeded, and brought the Democratic party into power in the House. What has been the result? What is the promise of reform and relief? What has that party done to show that it has the patriotism, capacity, intelligence, and harmony that qualify it to take charge of the government? Tested by what some of the more courageous Democrats gravely call "the principles" of the party, what is the record? Hard money is one of those "principles." But the party is so divided, and the more positive element is so resolute for soft money, that not only are no reasonable measures proposed for return to hard money, but the Resumption Act would undoubtedly be repealed if the Democrats could have their way. A tariff for revenue is another "principle" of the party. But instead of a measure reported with the weight of the Democratic Committee of Ways and Means, to be defended by Democratic ability, and carried through the House by a Democratic majority, there is a tariff offered by the chairman of the Ways and Means, not as chairman, but in his capacity as a member of the House. And this tariff is not the work of his committee or of himself, but of two or three gentlemen who are not members of the House. It is perfectly well understood that if it should be reported from the committee, it would not depend for its passage upon the Democratic majority, but upon the Republican minority, because its chief point is one that was recommended by the Republican President and Secretary of the Treasury. Here are capacity and harmony with a witness. Strict limitation of the power of the national government is another "principle" of the Democratic party. But from that side in the House proceed the most extravagant suggestions for the expansion of that power. A Democrat from Mississippi, speaking for his "people," that is, his fellow-Democrats, proposes that the national government shall build up the Mississippi levees and reclaim its alluvial soil, and build a Pacific railroad, and perfect the jetty system at New Orleans, and— He reserves his views upon refunding the cotton tax. It was exquisitely ludicrous, in the midst of this vigorous Democratic declaration for a policy which may be wise, but which is certainly not Democratic, to hear another Democrat exclaiming, "We have come here to reform the abuses of the government." For one of the chief abuses which the Democrats allege is the very government aid which this Democrat was demanding.

With these amusing practical commentaries upon the claim of the Democratic party to be the party of hard money, a revenue tariff, and a limited national government, there have been the illustrations of its loyalty to civil service reform in the prompt expulsion of the most capable and deserving incumbents of minor offices, and of its spirit of national fraternity in the furious outburst of Mr. Hill, and the familiar servility of Mr. Cox. By way of retrenchment the Democratic majority has cut down the pay of the cadets at West Point, and proposes to reduce that of foreign ministers—a kind of penny-wise and pound-foolish economy, which is denounced by other Democrats in the House, and at which some of the straightest party journals protest. This is the sum of Democratic legislation hitherto. And we but express the universal conviction in saying that the exhibition of discord upon fundamental questions, of crude incapacity, of the smouldering passions of the war—in a word, of the old, familiar, repulsive, Democratic character and spirit—has been of the utmost advantage to Republican prospects.

PRISONS AND PENITENTIARIES.

The investigation into the condition and management of the State-prisons and penitentiaries of this State will not begin a moment too soon. Governor Tilden has done well in calling attention to the subject, for a thorough examination will unquestionably reveal evils which should be promptly and radically corrected. Miss Mary Carpenter, an Englishwoman who is most deeply and intelligently interested in the subject, said, when she was here three or four years ago, that while in our system there is much that is admirable and calculated to excite emulation in England and Europe, yet it is evident that the more advanced views of prison discipline which are adopted in the English and Irish practice are familiar in the United States only to special students of the subject. The report lately published of "A Jail Delivery Frustrated" shows the natural consequences of one of the abuses of the present system of our prison management—that of contract labor—which is well worth attention. The circumstances, as narrated, may have seemed a little obscure to some readers, but they can be very easily explained. Briefly this was the story: Two ex-convicts of the Kings County Penitentiary were retained, after their discharge, to work in the shops. They had the freedom of the prison. Forty of the most desperate prisoners planned an escape by overpowering and, if necessary, killing the keepers, and confided their plan to the ex-convicts, whom the ringleaders promised to reward liberally for their co-operation. The ex-convicts agreed, and, going in and out of the prison at their pleasure, brought revolvers, knives, and daggers to the prisoners. Every thing was at last ready, and the rising was to take place on a Monday evening. As the prisoners were marched from the shop to their cells, the sign was to be given by the leader, and the attack to be made instantly upon the keepers. One of the prisoners, appalled by the massacre that was sure to follow, informed the authorities. They made ready, and on the Monday, before the shops were closed, the whole body of keepers entered them, arrested the ringleaders, searched them, and found them fully armed and with plain clothes under the prison uniform. They were handcuffed and locked up; and one of the two ex-convicts who had made the contemplated massacre possible was sent to the Penitentiary for *six months*, and the other was "held for examination."

This is a natural result of the contract system as at present practiced in the prisons. The contractor has virtual command of the laborers who are prisoners. His overseers come into the prison shops, and *he may bring in other laborers from the outside to work with the prisoners;* and this is done. As in the case just mentioned, if the term of any convict expires who has proved himself to be a clever workman, he may be hired and retained in the shop by the contractor. This system, of course, destroys the possibility of that reformatory discipline which is the purpose of imprisonment, because criminals and honest laborers can not be treated in the same way. In the second place, it destroys in the mind of the honest laborer all sense of the degradation and disgrace of imprisonment, by associating him with criminals as fellow-workmen. In the third place, it makes prison revolts, as in the recent instance, with all their disastrous consequences, easily practicable. The contract prison system is, further, a gross injustice to honest labor, and plainly tends to foster corruption in the authorities. So far as the county prisons are concerned, the incident at the Kings County Penitentiary and the condition which it reveals prove that the assertion of the Massachusetts Commissioners of Prisons in 1874 has a wider application than they gave it. "In our county prisons the State does not yet admit the problem [how to make the punishment of the criminal tend to his reformation]; the counties do not. Whatever is done toward the reformation of our county prisoners is done by the individual efforts of masters, keepers, or others."

In New York the expense of the State-prisons beyond their revenues was a little more than half a million of dollars during the last year. Governor Tilden says that they ought to be self-supporting, if, indeed, they should not produce a considerable revenue to the State. But whether they can be made productive of revenue or not, the highest public interests demand that they shall be conducted with constant reference to the purpose of penal institutions, and in the light of the most intelligent experience, and that the produce of their labor shall never be turned to the disadvantage of honest labor elsewhere. One thing, however, is clear—the present method of designation of State-prison inspectors will never, except by a happy chance, secure fit officers. They are selected by partisan nominations made in Conventions, which, with the exception of a very few members, have never heard their names, and know nothing of them whatever. No one has the slightest responsibility for the appointment of officers so important; and a faithful and comprehensive report from the investigating commission will probably astonish that much-perplexed person, "the thoughtful reader."

GENERAL SHERMAN'S LETTER.

General Sherman, also, has written a letter, and the comments upon it are very apt to end with the moral that if any body wishes to be a Presidential candidate, he had better not write a letter. The moral is possibly a little inopportune in view of the fact that General Sherman declares that he is not, has never been, and never will be a candidate for the Presidency. It is that decisive use of the future tense which distinguishes the general's letter from the letters of other gentlemen who have been named for the same position. Mr. Washburne, for instance, has written to say that it is impossible the people should ever think of him. But he does not provide for the possible error of his judgment. If the people *should* think of him—Barkis does not say what a stern sense of public duty might require of him. General Sherman is usually considered to be impetuous and somewhat wanting in judgment. But his letter hardly sustains that theory. He evidently feels, as the Chief Justice felt and most wisely said, that it is better to consider his position as removed from the fever of partisan politics. At the close of a great and successful war, like that of the Revolution or of the rebellion, a country, for many reasons, naturally turns to the most conspicuous military chief to administer the government he has founded or saved. But the tendency to turn to a soldier is always strong enough, and needs no fostering. The election of Jackson, Harrison, and Taylor shows how alluring to the popular heart such glory is. The reasons for discouraging such a tendency are obvious; and as there were all kinds of wild political projects in regard to General Sherman upon the part of those who did every thing but consult him, his letter is very timely and satisfactory.

The general has been supposed to be somewhat in sympathy with the Democratic party, but he removes all such suspicion by his frank declaration that he shall always prefer to see the Presidency "filled by one of the millions who in the civil war stood by the Union firmly and unequivocally." This is the dictate of common-sense, and again shows that the general's judgment upon that point is exceedingly sound. Among candidates the only one he mentions is Governor Hayes, of Ohio, which is supposed to show that he does not regard the President as a candidate. The part of the general's letter which refers to the religious faith of his wife and family and to the common schools is probably a direct reply to some question or remark in the letter to which his is an answer. General Sherman "believes in the common schools," although he thinks them sometimes extravagantly conducted, and is of opinion that the extravagance can be corrected without making the subject a political question.

It is refreshing to read the letter of a public man who is neither confused nor dazzled by the suggestion of his name for the Presidency, who has a very decided opinion upon the subject, and who expresses it frankly and forcibly, so that there can be no misunderstanding.

EX-GOVERNOR DIX AND REFORM.

The words of the Nestor of our politics, ex-Governor Dix, are always worthy of the most careful attention. He is in the truest sense a statesman, and of the ripest and most various experience. His public service extends over a longer period than the lives of many mature men, yet his mind is as fresh and his judgment as sound as ever. The view which so sagacious, well-trained, and practical a political leader takes of the present political condition and prospects of the country is the more significant that it agrees with that of many younger men, who are rather political observers than actors, and whose criticisms are more valuable than those of the actors, whose view is necessarily confined. Ex-Governor Dix recently delivered, to an audience which crowded the church in which he spoke, a lecture upon some of the social and political evils of the times, and the first prominent defect of administration which he mentioned, and the only one to which we will now allude, was the system of appointments in the civil service. He sees, what no careful observer doubts, that the first cardinal and radical step toward the correction of the enormous abuses of administration which now threaten the government, as they disgrace the name of the nation, is a change in the present civil service system. The patronage, even in the day of very much smaller things, was, as General Dix says, used to promote Presidential aspirations, so that personal interest and not the public welfare determined appointments.

The true principle, he thinks, was stated in the address of a delegation from New York to a National Convention held in 1832 to nominate a President—an address which the delegation unanimously adopted. The principles were these:

> "1. All offices belong to the people, and are to be filled and administered for their benefit.
>
> "2. On a change of administration, involving a change of measures, a change of men is, to a certain extent, necessary to give effect to the former.
>
> "3. This change should be limited to the principal offices; and
>
> "4. In the subordinate departments of the government no individual should be removed on account of his political opinions."

The general grounds of a reformed system could not be more clearly or simply stated. They were the basis of Mr. Jenckes's able and persistent efforts in Congress, and of the scheme promulgated by the President four years ago. General Dix frankly regrets the failure of the reform, and sees, under present circumstances, no other remedy, or rather mitigation, of the evil than the ineligibility of the President. He enlivened his discourse with some amusing stories of the present system, derived from his brief experience as Postmaster in New York. It was a predecessor of his as Governor of the State who said that he wrote a letter of recommendation for every body who asked him, and had an understanding with the appointing power that no attention should be paid to such letters, as he would privately intimate his real desires. This story, which we know to be true, we commend to the attention of gentlemen who beg for such letters.

We regard the strong expression which General Dix has given to his views upon this subject as a very great assistance to the good cause. No one can accuse him of want of political sagacity or experience, or of a tendency to over-refinement in political speculation. The word of such a practical politician is rather more valuable and decisive than that of the most adroit lobby agent. Practical steps for reform General Dix evidently does not expect at present; nor, with the history of the last four years and the spectacle of the new Democratic House in Washington, is that surprising. But there is no intelligent man, capable of freeing himself from mere party bonds, who will not agree that the four simple declarations quoted by General Dix contain the germ of a reform which is fast becoming indispensable if we would escape the political perils and tendencies which are at this moment most immediate and threatening.

REVERDY JOHNSON.

Mr. Johnson was one of the most conspicuous of American citizens, and he retained his vigor and spirit to the last. As a lawyer he was one of the most eminent, and as a social companion he was entertaining, instructive, and of the highest courtesy. It was his misfortune that his political career fell upon a time when the most positive opinions resolutely held were indispensable to great influence and distinction. Consequently, while his ability made him prominent, his temperament prevented him from being one of the historical figures of our politics. His most interesting appearance in public life was upon the occasion of his speech for emancipation, when he sent to Mr. Sumner for all his antislavery speeches, that he might see the subject from the point of its most uncompromising advocate. Mr. Johnson accepted emancipation, as he did many of the most vital results of the war, without heartiness, but as an inevitable necessity. His career as minister in England was unfortunate. He misapprehended the sentiment of his countrymen, and signed a treaty which the Senate with but one dissenting voice rejected. But Mr. Johnson indulged in no regrets or recriminations, and the generosity of his character was shown in the earnest zeal with which he recently defended General Schenck, an official successor, and of the political party that he opposed. Mr. Johnson had been Attorney-General, but his career in the office was neither very long nor very memorable. His name will be remembered as that of an accomplished lawyer, and of a gentleman of what is called, in admiration of a certain ideal courtesy and charm, the old school.

SHODDY BUILDING.

The recent serious fire in New York should remind us that, amidst our Centennial congratulations, we must not forget that we are still content with an immense proportion of shoddy in every department of interest and activity. The recent fire began only an hour after sunset, on a mild and still evening, in a block easily accessible on every side. The police were all on duty, a line was formed and vigorously maintained to secure uninterrupted action to the firemen. It is not easy for a fire to occur under more favorable circumstances. Yet the loss of property amounted to three or four millions of dollars, two or three of the heroic firemen lost their lives, and had there been the wind or the frost which is fairly to be expected at this season, the result would have been a calamity unpleasant to contemplate. It is useless to hold the Fire Department responsible for the consequences of any fire in this city. There is no question that in this instance, as in others, it was vigorous and efficient. The fault is the want of an intelligent law, resolutely enforced, forbidding the erection of any but virtually fire-proof buildings within prescribed fire limits.

Every few months there is some serious fire; the same circumstances appear and the same redress is demanded. The Legislature has just wisely passed the bill prohibiting railroad companies from salting their tracks, and the throwing of bottles and pieces of glass upon highways. It is well done; and why is not the protection of life and property from the consequences of cheap and flimsy building equally an imperative object of legislative care? Society has rights as well as individuals, and the community which may properly protect its health by reasonable laws may no less properly protect property and guard against personal risks by fire. A law which should require, within certain limits, the interior walls and partitions of buildings, as well as the eaves and exterior surfaces, to be fire-proof would, if intelligently drawn and honestly enforced, remedy the evil. The expenses of building would undoubtedly and most economically be increased. "Cheap and nasty" would cease to be the legend of our huge warehouses, and the lives of devoted and daring men like Williamson, Muldrew, and Clute would not be sacrificed in a vain struggle with a tornado of fire which the community had not had spirit enough to prevent.

MR. BANGS AND THE FAST MAIL.

The Postmaster-General writes a letter of the highest commendation and regret to Mr. George S. Bangs upon his retirement from the postal service. It is an expression of regard in which every one who is familiar with the service will cordially unite; and they know that it will be long before the affairs of the Post-office will be in better hands than those of Mr. Jewell, Mr. Bangs, and Mr. Blackfan, the foreign superintendent. In taking leave, Mr. Bangs has written an account of the "fast mail" service, which has been generally published, and is of great interest. The expense of the clerical force upon the fast mail train with that of the postal car service has been increased; but, on the other hand, the number of postal cars, clerks, etc., on other lines has been diminished, so that the net increase of expense by the fast mail train is but $17,248 39. This train carries and distributes 505,636 pieces daily, and with them great quantities of official matters, stamps, stamped envelopes, postal cards, etc. Thus for an actual increased expense of less than $18,000 there is an exclusive government mail train, moving 970 miles daily each way at a very high rate of speed, and absolutely controlled by the Postal Department, which reduces the time from six to twenty-four hours in the delivery of the mails to twenty-five millions of people. Mr. Bangs says that in his judgment the public benefit would be inestimable even if the fast mail cost very much more than it does. It has not been established too soon, and nothing is more surely calculated to maintain cheap postage on all legitimate mail matter, and to reduce the rates still lower in good time. With manly pride Mr. Bangs says, in conclusion, and sincerely do we regret that they are his last official words: "It may be said that I take a special interest in this matter because the 'fast mail' was established during my superintendency of the railway mail service. If any shall so think, to them I beg leave to say, I may herein, as in other things, have done less than my simple duty; by no possibility could I have done more."

PERSONAL.

A German translation of Mr. Charles Nordhoff's *Politics for Young Americans* is now appearing in the columns of the *Christian Apologist*, published in Cincinnati. The translator, Mr. G. C. Nast, himself a German, while reading the book became convinced that it was just what was wanted to instruct the many thousands of Germans who have made this country their home, in the principles of the American government and their duties as citizens of the United States. The translation is admirably done.

—The demand for Mr. Edwin Booth seems to be as great as ever, nor does the general shrinkage in values appear to affect the value of his services. He is paid by Mr. John T. Ford $600 per night for fifty nights. Every night's performance costs Mr. Ford $1000. One of the terms of the contract is that Mr. Booth is never to do any night travel, and never to leave a stopping-place before 11 A.M. unless he chooses. Mr. Booth never plays in Washington City, and never on Friday nights.

—Theodore, the son of the monarch of Abyssinia, has just left London for Paris to spend the winter. So complete has been his English training that he has forgotten his native language, and is only able to converse freely in English. He is a very amiable youth, and has been the lion lately at several London parties.

—Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who is an accomplished linguist, is at present in London reading post-Biblical Hebrew literature with Dr. Herman Adler, son of the Chief Rabbi. The number of languages, and especially the dialects of languages, with which the prince is familiar is extraordinary, and he is a Semitic scholar of no mean pretensions.

—President Eliot, of Harvard, says the instruments invented by the late Professor Winlock bring the institution an income of $2000 a year, half of which for five years goes to the widow Winlock and her children.

—Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson is to be the orator before the literary societies of the University of Virginia on the 29th of June.

—The Pope will send to the Centennial Exhibition two pictures in mosaic and some pieces of tapestry executed by the artists of the Vatican. One of the former represents the "Madonna della Seggiola" of Raphael, the original of which is in the Pitti Palace, at Florence, and the other is a copy of the "Madonna del Sassoferato." The subject of the hangings is St. Agnes on the pile.

—Our bright contemporary, the London *World*, says: "Sir Anthony Rothschild has excited the contempt of the money-mongering fraternity, and the admiration of those who do not worship the golden calf, by dying a comparative pauper. He leaves to his widow a pittance of £15,000 per annum and his house in London; to each of his daughters £200,000, which is to revert to the 'firm' in case of their dying childless; to his son-in-law £50,000; to his brother his race-horses; to three of his nephews his house at Newmarket; and to the nephew who inherits his baronetcy his landed estates.... His hospitality was practiced upon the largest scale, and yet it was not ostentatious. He collected works of art because he loved art. His charities were munificent, but he did not parade them. He will live in the memory of countless friends as a good, kindly, liberal man, and this surely is better than to figure in the Probate Court as the ex-possessor of millions from which he is eternally severed. It is the boast of England that William Pitt died in debt. It should be the boast of the Rothschilds that Sir Anthony died and left but little behind him."

—Randolph Rogers, the sculptor, writing from Rome, says that the statue of the late Secretary Seward is finished, and will be shipped in time to reach here in May next. It cost $25,000, which amount was subscribed by a number of gentlemen of this city, headed by George J. Forrest, William H. Appleton, Jerome, Schell, and others. The statue is described as being one of Mr. Rogers's best productions.

—General Richard Taylor, of Kentucky ("Dick" Taylor is his popular appellation), a son of the late President Taylor, is said to have achieved in London a social success quite surpassing that of any of his countrymen. The Prince of Wales thinks him "no end of a gentleman and good fellow." It is quite certain that here in New York he has long been known as one of the best *raconteurs* of the day.

—Charles Fairbanks, Esq., of London, England, has given to Drury College, Springfield, Missouri, $15,000 to finish the new hall for female students now in process of building. He is one of those St. Johnsbury, Vermont, Fairbankses, who do every thing on such a large scale.

—Among those who were conspicuous at the funeral of the late John Forster were Lord Lytton, Thomas Carlyle, James Anthony Froude, Henry Dickens, and many eminent literary men. It is said that Mr. Forster bequeathed nearly all his property to Lord Lytton, whose father and Mr. Forster were life-long friends.

—Mr. Lionel Tennyson, eldest son of the poet, has just passed first-class at Cambridge University in an examination in theology and mechanics.

—The unanticipated absence of the Rev. Mr. Winslow, of Boston, reminds the Boston *Globe* of John Russell's reply when asked what his religious persuasion was. "I am a Methodist," said he, "but I have not done much at it lately."

—This style of "personal" has the indorsement of antiquity, appearing in the *New Hampshire Gazette* of 1807: "Married, in Philadelphia, Mr. Moses Coffin to Miss Caroline Graves. It was a *dead* match from the start."

—Mr. Thompson, who succeeds General Butler in Congress from the Essex district, is said to be one of the best story-tellers in the House, and has just enough of an impediment in his speech to spice his humorous utterances. Governor Throckmorton, of Texas, is also a good story-teller, and has a great fund of them. Many of the older members are strong in that way. Mr. Blaine is particularly happy in being always prepared to strengthen his point by a story, and is felicitous in the telling. Mr. Cox is one of the best *raconteurs* in the country. Proctor Knott has an inexhaustible budget. General Cameron, Senator Bayard, Senator Stevenson, Governor Anthony, Senator M'Creery, and Judge Thurman are witty men, and very attractive at a dinner party. There are capital dinner-chat men in the cabinet—Governor Fish, General Belknap, Mr. Bristow, Governor Jewell, and Mr. Robeson; and on the Supreme Court bench Chief Justice Waite, Judge Swayne, and two or three others.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The United States Senate, on the 7th, passed a bill for the payment of the *Alabama* claims awarded by the Commission.—On the 8th, the House passed a bill, by a vote of 178 to 58, to repeal the Bankrupt Law. The first section repeals the Bankruptcy Act of March 21, 1867, and all laws and parts of laws amendatory thereof and supplemental thereto. The second section provides that all suits and proceedings now pending in the United States Courts wherein an adjudication in bankruptcy has been made shall be proceeded with and governed by the provisions of existing laws, which are continued in force only for the purpose of closing up suits and proceedings now pending. The act is to take effect from and after the 1st day of January, 1877.—On the 10th, the Senate passed a bill to extend the time for the construction and completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad, by a vote of—yeas, 35; nays, 18.—The Centennial Appropriation Bill was passed by the Senate, on the 11th, by a vote of 41 to 15. It now goes to the President for signature. The House, on the 11th, passed the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill. It appropriates $914,000, or $470,000 less than last year.

A postal treaty has been signed by the representatives of the United States and Japan, agreeing that the rate of letter postage shall be five cents between the two countries, and two cents upon newspapers not exceeding two ounces. The new arrangement will come into operation on the 1st of April next.

Mr. Bergh's bill prohibiting horse-car companies from salting tracks, and any one from throwing bottles and other hard substances into the streets, has become a law.

FOREIGN NEWS.

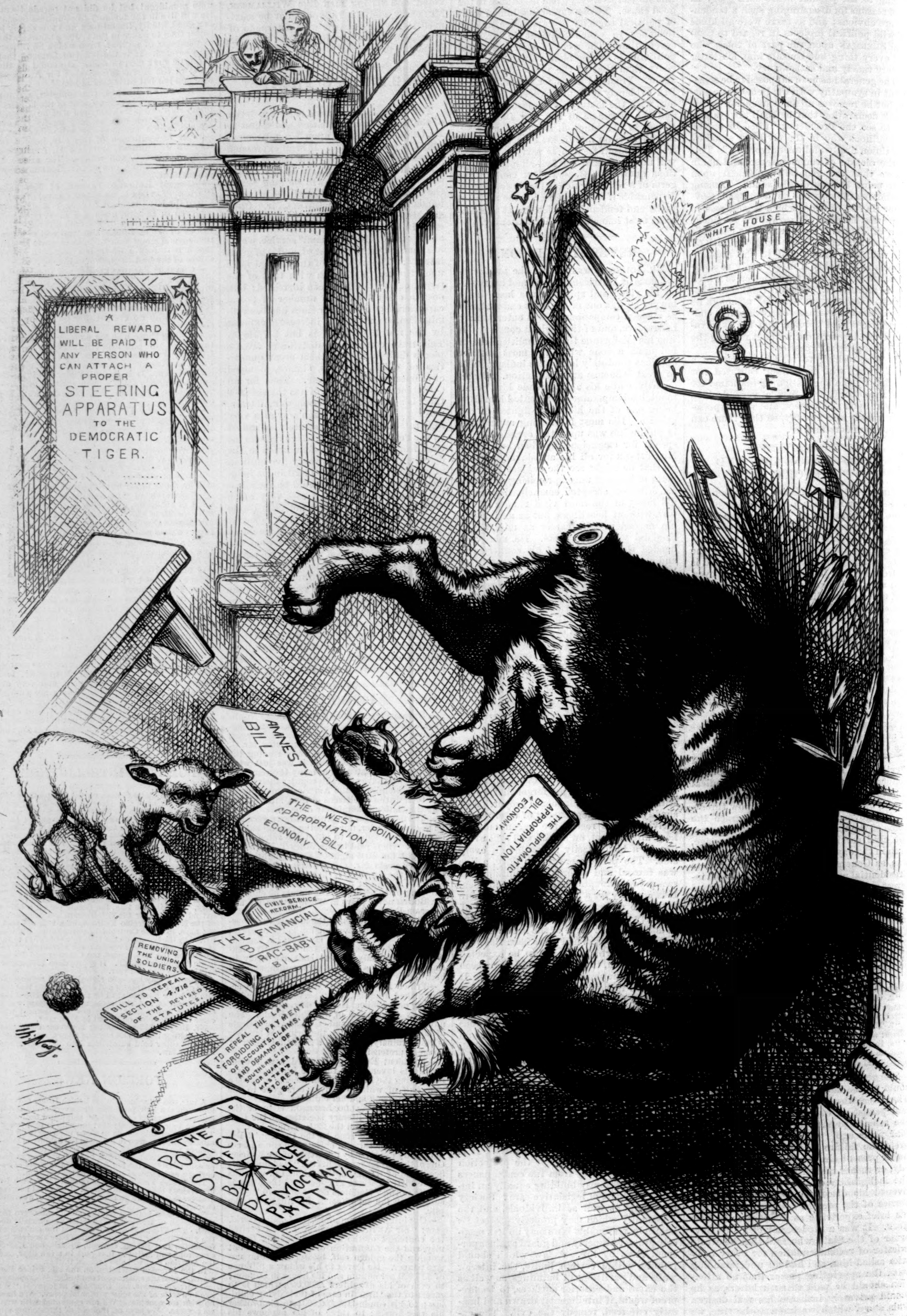
A bill was introduced in the British House of Commons, on the 10th, providing that every contract for conveying persons or goods on shipboard shall contain an implied warranty that the ship is seaworthy. The effect of this will be to place passengers on the same footing as cargo in regard to the liability of ship-owners for their safety. Mr. Plimsoll refrained from expressing a definite opinion, but said his present impression was that the bill fell lamentably short of securing a satisfactory settlement of the question.

The British Parliament was opened on the 8th by her Majesty the Queen in person. The royal address declares that the foreign relations continue of a cordial character.

Negotiations between Turkey and Montenegro for the cession of territory to the latter are officially denied. The Vienna *Presse* reports that the consuls of the guaranteeing powers at Ragusa have received information that British, German, French, and Italian squadrons will arrive at that port in a few days, and the Austrian fleet will also proceed thither.

In the Prussian Reichstag, on the 9th, Prince Bismarck denied the existence of semi-official newspapers and correspondents, and concluded as follows: "We live in a state of the most profound peace. We have no wish for conquest. We are contented with what we possess. We have no thought of threatening any one. Nevertheless, rumors are continually arising."

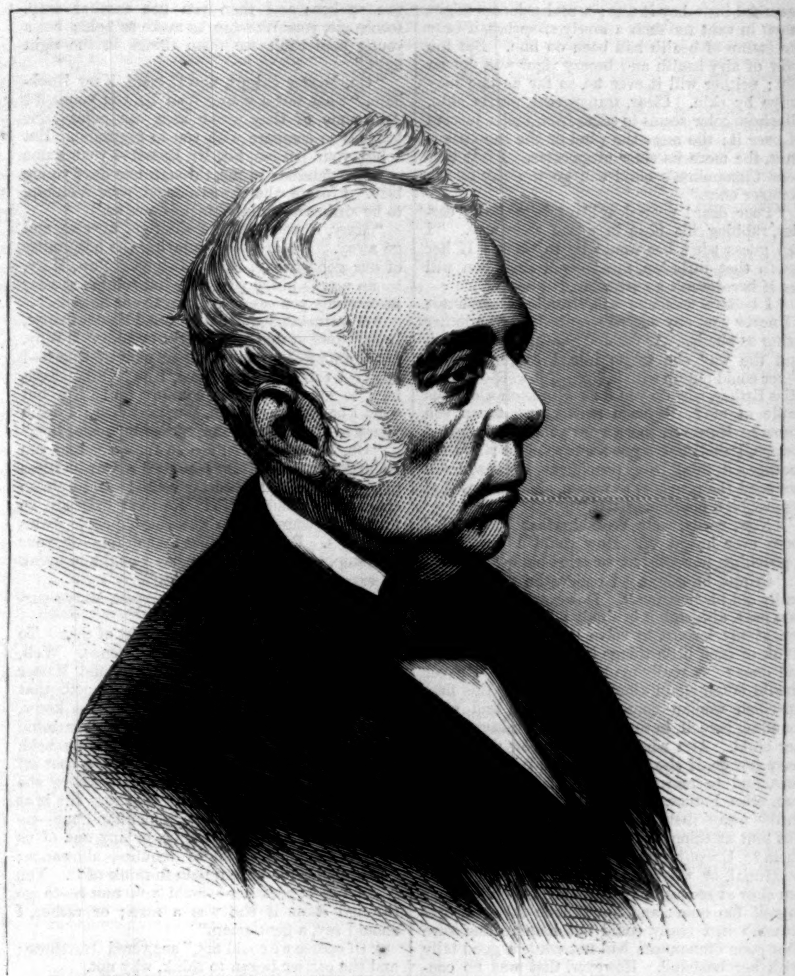
Four Roman newspapers have been seized by the government for publishing a speech made by Garibaldi on the anniversary of the Roman republic, in which the general extolled the republic as the only honest form of government.


A LIBERAL REWARD WILL BE PAID TO ANY PERSON WHO CAN ATTACH A PROPER STEERING APPARATUS TO THE DEMOCRATIC TIGER.
WHITE HOUSE
HOPE.
AMNESTY BILL.
THE WEST POINT APPROPRIATION ECONOMY BILL.
THE DIPLOMATIC APPROPRIATION BILL. ECONOMY.
CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.
THE FINANCIAL BILL. RAG-BABY BILL.
REMOVING THE UNION SOLDIERS.
BILL TO REPEAL SECTION 4.716 OF THE REVISED STATUTES.
TO REPEAL THE LAW FORBIDDING PAYMENT OF ACCOUNTS, CLAIMS, AND DEMANDS OF SOUTHERN CITIZENS FOR QUARTER MASTER'S STORES, &c.
THE POLICY OF SILENCE BY THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY
Th. Nast

NO RUDDER—NO AIM.

IT IS NOT SO EASY TO CATCH THAT DEAR LITTLE (REPUBLICAN) LAMB, AFTER ALL.

REVERDY JOHNSON.



THE LATE REVERDY JOHNSON.—[Photographed by Brady, Washington.]

This eminent statesman and jurist, who died suddenly on the 10th inst., was a native of Annapolis, Maryland, where he was born on the 21st of May, 1796. His father was Chief Justice of the Annapolis district, and at the age of seventeen, after having received a primary education at St. John's College, in his native town, he began the study of law in his father's office. He was admitted to the bar in 1815, and in 1817 removed to Baltimore, where he resided to the close of his life. His progress in his profession was rapid. Between 1820 and 1827 he was engaged, in conjunction with Mr. Thomas Harris, in reporting the decisions in the Maryland Court of Appeals, which were published in seven volumes, and are still regarded as a standard legal work. Mr. Johnson also acted for a time during the same period as Deputy Attorney-General of the State of Maryland, and as Chief Commissioner of Insolvent Debtors.

In 1821 Mr. Johnson was elected to the State Senate, and served in that body nearly two terms, when he resigned his seat, and for the next twenty years devoted himself to the practice of law, rising gradually to the head of his profession in the State of Maryland. During this period he frequently had very important cases in the Supreme Court of the United States, as well as a very large practice in the State courts.

In 1845 Mr. Johnson was elected to the Senate of the United States. He resigned his seat in 1849 to accept the position of Attorney-General in the cabinet of President Taylor. On the accession of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidency Mr. Johnson returned to Baltimore, and resumed the practice of the law. His cases were mainly in the United States Supreme Court, and it was at this period that he began to acquire his reputation as an international lawyer.

On the threatened outbreak of rebellion in the South, Mr. Johnson again took part in national affairs. He was a member of the Peace Congress in 1861, and the next year he was for the second time elected to the United States Senate, and from 1863 to 1868 he took part in the deliberations of that body. He was one of the counsel for President Johnson in the memorable impeachment trial of 1868, and after the conclusion of that trial was appointed minister to the court of St. James. Here he negotiated a treaty that was afterward rejected by the Senate, and on the accession of General Grant in 1869 he was recalled.

The circumstances of his death were peculiarly sad. He went to Annapolis on the 9th inst. to argue a case in the Court of Appeals, and became the guest of Governor Carroll, who invited several gentlemen to meet him at dinner the following afternoon. They dined about 5 p.m. At dinner Mr. Johnson appeared in excellent spirits and his usual health, and entertained the company by his conversation and relating anecdotes. At dinner he drank one glass of Madeira, and refused to take any more. After dinner he suddenly asked the Governor to take him into the parlor. He took the Governor's arm, and walking in there, sat down on a sofa. The Governor proposed to have coffee brought. Mr. Johnson replied, "No; if you want to smoke, rejoin your guests and smoke." The Governor answered, "Very well; I will join you in a few minutes," and returned to the table, but, feeling uneasy at leaving Mr. Johnson alone, proposed to the company to go into the parlor and join him. Mr. Charles G. Kerr, Mr. Johnson's son-in-law, who had come into the dining-room after Mr. Johnson had left the table, said, "No; he always takes a nap after dinner, and I suppose he has gone to sleep." The company then went on smoking and talking, and, while so doing, a servant of the Governor appeared at the door, and beckoning him out, told him Mr. Johnson was lying in the yard on the stones.

Governor Carroll went immediately to the place, and found Mr. Johnson lying on the cobble-stone carriage-way that passed under the porch of the mansion, close up to the wall, and near a door leading into the basement. He had evidently gone down the front steps and around to the side of the house, and had fallen where he was found. This was about 8 p.m.; and the impression was that he had been there at least half an hour.

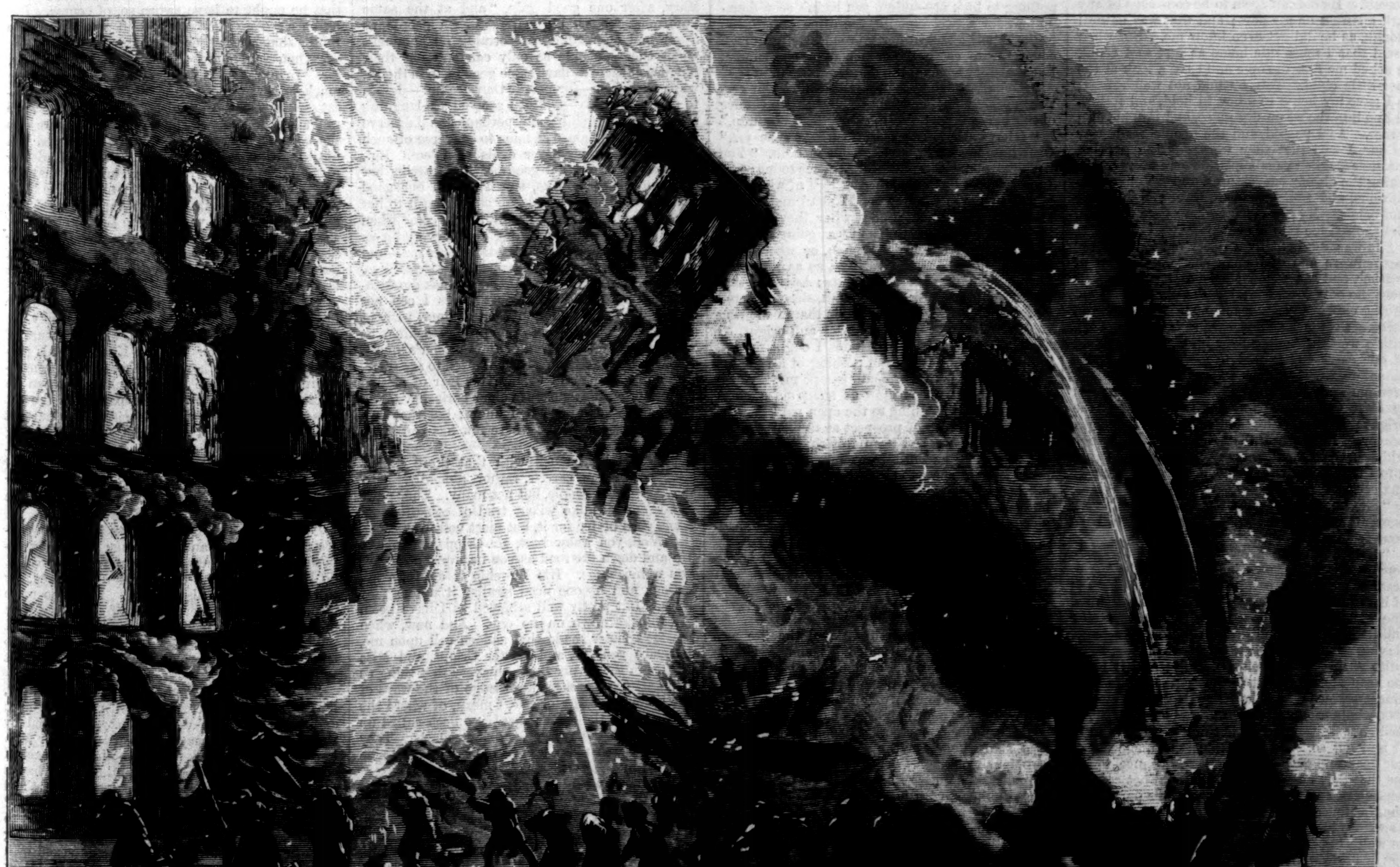
Mr. Johnson's body was at once removed into a basement room, and physicians were summoned. Life was found to be extinct. There were large wounds on the right side of the forehead, two fractures of the skull from the upper part of the forehead to the eyebrow, dislocation of a finger of the left hand, and cuts on the hands and legs, and bruises. The supposition is, that on going into the open air he stumbled, and falling heavily, received the wounds that caused his death.

THE BROADWAY FIRE.

We give on this page an incident of the great fire of February 8 on Broadway, at which two firemen lost their lives and a very large amount of property was destroyed. The fire broke out about half past six in the evening in a building on Crosby Street, and spread rapidly, despite the vigorous efforts of the Fire Department, through to Broadway, consuming nearly a whole block between Grand and Howard streets. The incident illustrated by our artist occurred in Broadway just an instant before the fall of an immense iron front. As the huge mass, softened by the intense heat, was seen to sway outward, a score of gallant firemen sprang to the rescue of Engine No. 30, which stood directly in front. As they did so, the engineer cast off his hydrant hose, threw open his throttle-valve, and, with a cheer, the little band of heroes dragged off the apparatus, under the friendly stream of a hose thrown upon them by their comrades. Scarcely had the engine been drawn to a place of safety when the spot upon which it had stood a minute before in active motion was covered by a mass of red-hot iron.

A sad incident was the death of two brave firemen, who, with several others, had ventured within the ruins of one of the buildings to direct a stream of water more effectually. A wall fell upon them, burying them in a mass of burning fragments. A hundred men sprang forward with hooks and axes, and the bodies were soon recovered. Two of the men died within a few minutes after being taken out, and it was feared that two others were fatally injured.

The fire made a grand spectacle, and at one time at least 40,000 people were crowded into the adjacent streets to witness it. The losses are said to amount to over $3,000,000. The rapid destruction of the buildings after the first discovery of the fire is another illustration of the folly of putting up structures which are not fire-proof. Had the several stories and rooms of these buildings been separated by fire-proof floors and partitions, the flames might easily have been confined to the place where they first broke out, and the sacrifice of life and property averted.



THE GREAT FIRE OF FEBRUARY 8, 1876, ON BROADWAY.—[Sketched by Granville Perkins.]

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

O PEARL of days! When Liberty
Came stepping westward o'er the sea,
From England's pleasant shore,
She said, "St. George, still keep thy charge:
I go my kingdom to enlarge,
And may not see thee more.
Another George shall bear my shield
In senate hall and tented field.

"His birth-hour dawns. Break, glorious day!"
Her swift feet made a shining way
Over the pathless sea.
She kissed the boy for noble fame,
And gave him his immortal name—
Name dear to Liberty;
Then bade him make the New World strong,
To comfort all the Old World's wrong.

And shall America forget
The day and name so proudly set?
Let the glad bells ring out;
Fling to the wind our battle flags,
Trampled and torn to glorious rags;
Make the loud cannon shout,
That the sick serfs of other lands,
Hearing, may break away their bands.

For, sure as years shall wax and wane,
This day shall love and glory gain,
And unborn nations pay,
'Mid Afric's palms and Polar snow,
Europa's culture, Asia's glow,
Their homage to this day;
And of Earth's thousand tongues, not one
But yet shall learn "George Washington."

CRIPPS, THE CARRIER.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

AUTHOR OF "THE MAID OF SKER," "LORNA DOONE," "ALICE LORRAINE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

CINNAMINTA.

"Now that," said Cripps, "is what I call the proper way of doing things. Arter all, they hathens knows a dale more than we credit 'em."

"Well, Miss Esther," asked Russel, turning to his other listener, "what do you think about it now?"

"Sir," she replied, with her round cheeks colored by the excitement of his tale, and shining in the fire-light, "I do not know what the manners may be among the gentry in such things. But if it had been one of us, we never could have supped with him."

"You are right," answered Overshute; "so I felt. Starving as I was, I could not break bread with a man like that until he should have cleared himself. He did not seem to be conscious of any dark mistrust on my part; and that was natural enough, as he did not even know me. But when I said that I must ride home as fast as I could, he asked me first to come and have a look at the poor little child. This I could not well refuse; so I gave my horse to a boy to hold, and followed him into the warm dry place, and into his own corner. As I passed, and the people made way for me, I saw that they were genuine gypsies, not mere English vagabonds. There was no mistaking the clearly cut features, and the olive complexions, and the dark eyes, lashed both above and below. My gruff companion raised a screen, and showed me into his snuggery.

"It was dimly lit by a queer old lamp of red earthenware and of Roman shape. Couches of heather, and a few low stools, and some vessels were the only furniture; but the place was beautifully clean, and fragrant with dry fern and herbs. In the furthest corner lay little Tom, with a woman bending over him. At the sound of our entry she turned to meet us, and I saw Cinnaminta. Her hair and eyes and graceful carriage were as grand as ever, and her forehead as clear and noble; but her face had lost the bright puzzle of youth and the flush of damask beauty. In a word, that rich mysterious look which used to thrill so many hearts was changed into the glance of fear and the restless gaze of anxiety.

"She knew me at once, and asked, with a very poor attempt at gayety, 'Are you come to have your fortune told, Sir?'

"Before I could answer, her husband spoke some words in her own language, and the 'Princess,' as we used to call her, took my hand in both of hers and kissed it, and poured forth her thanks. She had been so engrossed with her poor sick child that she had not known me on horseback. Having done so little to deserve her thanks, I was quite surprised at such gratitude; and it made me fear that she must be now unaccustomed to kind treatment. I asked how her grandmother was, who used to sit up so proudly at Cowley, as well as her sister, the little thing that used to run in and out so. As I spoke of them, she shook her head and gazed at some long distance, to tell me that they were no more. I could not remember the rest of her people, except her uncle Kershoe, as fine a fellow as ever stole a horse. When I spoke of him, she laughed as if he were going on as well as ever; and I hoped that it might be no son of his to whom I had trusted Cantelupe. But of course I knew that gypsy honor would hold him sacred for the time, even if he were Bay Middleton. Then I asked her about her own children, and again she shook her head, and said, 'Three, all three in one are now; and that is the one you saved.' With that, while her husband left the tent, Cinnaminta led me to look at the poor little fellow in his deep warm sleep. A beautiful little boy it was; a real princess might yearn in vain for such a lovely offspring, if only the stamp of health had been on him. But the glow of airy health and breezy vigor was not on him; neither will it ever be, so far as one may judge by skin. Clear, transparent, pearly skin, all whose color seems to come from under instead of over it; the more the wind or the sun strikes on it, the more its color evaporates. I fear that poor Cinnaminta's child will go the way of the younger ones."

"Poor dear! poor dear!" exclaimed the carrier, rubbing his nose in a sad slow way. "I can guess what her would be to them. If her loseth that little 'un, mind—well then, you will see if her dothn't go arter 'un."

"I believe that she will," replied Overshute; "I never saw any one so wrapped up in another being as she is. As for Joe Smith, her husband, and the way she treats him, I couldn't—no, I never could put up with it, even if it were— But, Miss Esther, why do you look with such a curious smile at me? Of such matters what can you know? However, there goes your clock again! Cripps, I shall never get home to-night; and my mother will think I was poaching. Because I will not send the poachers to prison, she believes that I must be a poacher myself."

"Now, verily, your Worship, that bates all I have ever heer'd of. How could a Justice go a-poaching, howsomever he tried his best?"

"Cripps, he might. I believe he might, if he really did his best for it. However, let that question pass, although it is highly interesting. I will try, at my leisure, to solve it. But how can I think of such little things in the middle of great sad ones? It really made me feel as if I never should laugh again almost, when I saw this fine, unselfish woman controlling herself, and commanding herself, in the depth of her misery about her child. And when I thought how she might have got on, if she only had liked education and that, and to marry a fellow of Oriel, I assure you, Miss Esther, I began to feel how women throw away their chances. Of course I could not hint at things disloyal—or what shall I call them? Unconjugal, perhaps, is what I mean; unuxorial, or what it may be. But although I am slow at seeing things, because I used to think myself too quick, and have made false charges through it, I really could not help feeling sure that poor Cinnaminta had not made a good tally with her husband. However, that was no concern of mine. She had made her own choice, and must stick to it. But to think of it made me uncomfortable, and I could not speak then of what I wished to speak of, but took short leave and rode away. First, however, I got permission to come over again on the Friday—yesterday, I mean; and now I will tell you exactly what happened then."

"Your Worship do tell a tale," said Cripps, "that wonderful, that us be almost there. They women takes a man, whether or no he wool; and when they gets tired of 'un, they puts all the fault on he, they do! There was a woman as did the washing over to Squire Pemberton's; nothing to look at—unless you hadn't seen done-up hair for a twelvemonth, the same as happens to the sailors; and in her go-roundings of no account, for to catch the notice of a man much. But that very woman, I'm danged if her didn't—"

"Zachary, hush!" said Esther; and the carrier muttered, "Of course, of course! No chance of fair play wi' 'un! Well, go on, your Worship."

"I have very little more to tell you, as yet," Overshute answered, with a smile at both. "You have listened with wonderful patience to me; and I am surprised at remembering half of what happened to me in a hurry so. I shall make more allowance for witnesses now, when they get confused and hesitate. But, as I was going to say, I rode over to Nettlebed Common, or whatever it is called, in good time yesterday, so as to have a long quiet talk with Cinnaminta; knowing that if she would not tell me the truth, she would tell no falsehood. As I rode along in that fine spring sun my mind was unusually clear and bright. I saw to a nicety what questions I ought to put, and how to put them; and nothing of all the ins and outs of this matter could escape me. When the sun threw my shadow as sharp as a die, I could not help laughing to the open road and the clear long breadth of prospect at the narrow stupid thoughts we had been thinking throughout the winter. In a word, I was sure, as I am of my life, of finding sweet Grace Oglander, and restoring her father to his fine old health, and spreading great happiness every where; and thus I rode up to the gypsy camp—and there was not a shadow or a trace of it!"

CHAPTER XXII.

A DELICATE SUBJECT.

THE log had burned down and the fire was low when Russel thus ended his story. Cripps was indignant, because he had made up his mind for "summat of a zettlement;" and Esther was full of young womanly thoughts about Cinnaminta and her poor child. But even before they could consult one another, or cross-examine, a loud, sharp knock at the door was heard, and in ran Mary Hookham.

"Oh, if you please, Sir!—oh, if you please, Sir!" she exclaimed, with both hands up, and making the most of her shawl fringe, "such a thing have turned up—I never! Them stockings! Oh! them silk stockings, Sir! Your Worship—oh, them silk stockings, Sir!"

"My dear," said Cripps, in a fatherly tone, and with less contemporary feeling than Mary might wish to inspire him with—"my dear good maid, you be that upset, that to spake, without sloping the spout of the kettle, might lade to a'most any thing. Etty, you ain't had a drap of nort—and all the better for 'ee. Give over your glass, girl. Now, Miss Mary, the laste little drap, and then you spakes; and then you has another drap. Icoose me, your Worship, to make so bold; but a young man can't see them things in the right light."

"Oh, Master Cripps, now!" cried Mary Hookham, "what but a young man be you yourself? And none of they young men can point their tongues to compare with you to my mind. But I beg your pardon, Sir, Mr. Russel—your name come so familiar to me, through our dear young lady. I forgot what I was a-doing, your Worship, to be sitting down in your presence so."

"Mary, if you get up I shall get up also, and go away. We are both enjoying the hospitality of our good friend, Master Cripps. Now, Mary, by no means hurry yourself; but tell me at your leisure why you came, and what your news is."

"Silk stockings, forsooth!" cried Master Cripps, being vexed at this break of the evening. "Why, my grandmother had a whole pair of they!—I belave I could find 'em now, I do! Silk stockings, to break up one's comfort for! Not but what I be glad to see you, Mary, my dear; I drink your good health, touching spoons in lack of lips."

"Oh, Mr. Cripps, you are so funny! And you do make me feel things in such a way! Bless me, if I haven't dropped my comb! Oh, I am so shocked to trouble you! Natteral hair are so provoking, compared to what most people wears nowadays. But about what I come for—oh, your Worship, stockings is not what I ought to speak of, except in the ear of females."

"Stockings are a very good subject, Mary; particularly if they are silk ones."

"Lor', Sir! Now I never thought of that. To be sure, that makes all the difference. Well, then, your Worship must know all, and Master Cripps, and Miss Esther too. It seemeth that Mrs. Fermitage, master's own sister, you know, Sir, have never been comfortable in her mind about her behavior when the 'quest was held. Things lay on her nerves at that time so that off and on she hardly seemed to know where she was, or how dooty lay to her. Not that she is at all selfish, if you please to understand me—no more selfish than I myself be, or any one of us here present. But ladies requires allowance; and it makes me have a pain to think of it. You could not expect her—could you now?—to go through it as if she was a man; or rather, I should say, a gentleman."

"Of course we could not," answered Overshute; and the carrier began to think, why not.

"However, she did go through it," said Mary, "as well as the very best man could have done. She covered her feelings, as you might say, with a pint pot, or with less than that."

"With a wine-glass of brandy, I did heer tell?" said Master Cripps, inquiringly.

"No, no; that was a shocking story. It makes me ashamed of the place as we live in whenever I heer such scandalies."

"Miss Mary, my dear, I beg your pardon. Lord knows I only say what I heers. Take a little drap, miss, and go on."

"It makes one afeared to touch a drop of most hinnocent mixture as ever was," continued poor Mary, after one good gulp, "and at the same time most respectable waters—when people as never had opportunity of forming no judgment about them—people as only can spit out their tongues at them as have some good taste in theirn, when such folk—for people they are not—dareth to go forth to say— But I see you are laughing at me, your Worship; and perhaps I well deserve it, Sir. It is no place of mine to convarse of such subjects—me who never deals with 'em. But, one way or other, that good lady (as, barring her way with her servants, she is, which our good master have many a time up and given it to her about), well, this very day, Sir, in she come when I was a-doing of my morning doos—every bit as partiklar, Sir, as if I had a mistress over me—and she say to me, 'Mary Hookham!' and I says, 'Yes, ma'am; at your service.' And she ask me without any more to do—the just words I can not now call to mind—for to send at once, without troubling poor master, to fetch they stockings as was put by, to the period of the Coroner's 'quest. Poor master have never been allowed to see them, no more has none of us, Sir; for fear of setting on foot some allowance of vulgar curiosity. And all of us is not above it, I know; but that is a natteral error in places where few has had much eddication."

"I don't hold much with that there eddication," cried the carrier, rather gloomily. "'A may suit some people, but not many. They putts it on 'em all alike wi'out trial of constitootion. Some goes better for it, but most volk worse."

"Well, you know best, Mr. Cripps, of course. Up and down the road as you be, every door give you a hinstance. His Worship is all for eddication; and no one need swaller it unless they likes. But pretty well schooled as I have been, Sir, I looks down on no one. And now, when master's sister made that sudden call upon me, I assure you, Sir, and Master Cripps, and Miss Esther in the corner there, the very first thing as I longed for was more knowledge of the ways of the kingdom. More sense, I mean, of where the powers puts the things that have been called up and laid at the feet of the law courts. They stockings was more lost to me than gone to be washed by the gypsies.

"It never would have done for me to say that much to Mrs. Fermitage. She would have been out in a wrath at once, for she is not sweet like master; so I gave her all 'yes' instead of 'why' or 'how,' as we do to quick-tempered gentlefolk. And then I ran away to ask my mother, and she no more than laughed at me. 'You silly child,' says mother, quite as if there had never been a fool till now, 'when the law getteth hold of a thing, there be only two places for to find it in.' 'Two places, mother! What two places?' said I, without construction. 'Why, the right hand or the left hand pocket of a lawyer's breeches,' mother answered, just as if she had served all her time with a tailor. Now, don't laugh, Mr. Overshute; it is true, every word as I tell you."

"Ay, that her be," cried Cripps, with a smack of one hand on the other. "Your mother is a wonderful woman for truth and sense, my deary."

"Well, well," replied Mary, with a broad, knowing smile, as much as to say, "You had better try her," "at her time of life her ought to be, if ear they seek to attain it. So I acted according to mother's directions, letting her always speak foremost. And between us we got Master Kale to go, on his legs, all the way to Oxford with the hope of a lift back with you, Master Cripps; but, late as you was, he were later. He carried a letter from Mrs. Fermitage, couched in the thirtieth person, to Mrs. Luke Sharp, of Cross-Duck House, the very one as sent that good book back. Master's sister have felt below contempt towards her since that time, and in dignity could do no otherwise. And now she put in short and sharp, as no less could be expected, and word for word can I say of it:

"'Mrs. Fermitage has the honor of presenting her compliments to Mrs. Sharp, and begs to express her surprise at the strange retention by Mrs. S. of a pair of valuable silk stockings which are the property of Mrs. F. If they are not in use, it is begged that they may be returned by the bearer.—Postscript: Mrs. F. takes this opportunity of acknowledging the return of a book, which, being filled only with the word of God, was perhaps of less practical value to Mrs. S. than silk stockings appear to be.'

"'That will fetch them,' said my mother; 'if they be in the house, that will fetch them, ma'am. No lady could stand against them insinuations.' And, sure enough, back they come by Mr. Kale, about an hour after you left our house, Sir. It seems that Mr. Luke Sharp was gone to dine with the Corporation, or likely they never would have come at all. And they never would have come at all, because Mrs. Sharp could not have found them, if it hadn't been that Master Sharp, the boy they think such wonders of, just happened to come in from shooting, where the whole of his time he spends. He found his mother in the hystrikes of a heart too full for tears, as she expressed it bootifully to both cook and house-maid; and they pointed to the letter, and he read it; and he were that put out that Master Kale, seeing the two big barrels of his gun, were touched in his conscience, and ran away and got under the mangle. What happened then he were afeared to be sure of; but the cook and the house-maid brought him out, and they locked him in, to eat a bit, which he did with trembles of thankfulness. And almost afore he had licked his knife as clean as he like to leave it, that wicked young man he kicked open the door and flung a parcel at him.

"'Tell your d——d missus,' he says—your Worship, I hopes no offense to the statues—'tell her,' he says, 'that her rubbish is there! And add, without no compliments, that a lady of her birth should a' known better than to insult another lady so!'"

"Well done, Kit Sharp!" exclaimed Overshute. "I rather admire him for that. Not that he ought to have sworn so, of course. But I like a young fellow to get in a rage when he thinks that his mother is trampled on."

"Then you might a' been satisfied with him, Sir. In a rage he were, and no mistake. So much so, that our Mr. Kale made off by the quickest door out of the premises. But the cook, she ran after him out to the steps, when there was the corners between them, and she begged him not to give a bad account, but to put a Christian turn to it. And she told poor Tummuss that she had a manner of doing deal fit to surprise him; and if he could drop in on Sunday week, he might go home the wiser. The Lord knows how she hit so quick upon his bad propensities; for he do pay attention to his victuals, whatever his other feelings be. However, away he come at last; and I doubt if he goeth in a hurry again.

"Of course he knowed better than give the broken handles of his message. It is only the boys and the girls does that, for the pleasure of vexing their betters. Master Kale sent his parcel in by me, together with Mrs. Sharp's compliments; leaving the truth in the kitchen to strengthen, and follow to the parlor, as the cat comes in. And so master's sister, she put out her hand all covered with rings, and no shaking; and I makes my best entry just like this, excusing your presence, Mr. Russel, Sir; and she nod to me pleasantly, and take it. 'Mary, you may go,' she said; and for sure, I am not one of those who linger.

"There happened, however, to be a new candle full of thieves and guttering; and being opposite a looking-glass made it more reproachful. So back I turned by the corner of a screen, for to right it without disturbance. I had no more idea, bless you, Master Cripps, of cooriosity, than might have happened to yourself, Sir! But I pulled a pair of scissors out of my pocket, no snuffers being handy; and then I heer'd a most sad groan.

"To my heart it went, like a clap of thunder, having almost expected it, which made it worse; and back I ran to do my dooty, if offered by rights. And sure enough there was poor Mrs. Fermitage a-fell back well into the long-backed chair, with her legs out straight, and her hands to her forehead, and a pair of gray stockings laid naked on her lap! 'Is it they things, ma'am? Is it they?' I asked, and she put up her chin to acknowledge it. By the way they were lying upon her lap I was sure that she was vexed with them. 'Oh, Mary,' she cried out—'oh, Mary Hookham, I am both a foolish and a wicked woman, if ever in the world there was one!'

"So deeply was I shocked by this, master's own sister and a mint of money going the wrong way to kingdom come—that I give her both ends of the smelling-bottle, open, and running on her velvet gown, as innocent as possible. 'Oh, you wicked, wicked girl!' she says, coming round, before I could stop; 'do you know what it cost a yard, you minx?'

"This gave me good hopes of her, being so natteral. Twice the price comes always into ladies' minds, when damage is, if any body can be made to pay. But it did not become me to speak one word, as you see, Mr. Russel, and Master Cripps. And there was my reward at once.

"'I must have a magistrate,' she cries; 'a independent justice of the peace. Not my poor brother—*too* much of him already. Where is that boy Overshute?' she says, saving, of course, your Worship's presence. 'I heer'd he were gone to that low carrier's. Mary, run and fetch him.'"

"My brother to be called a low carrier!" young Esther exclaimed, with her hand on her heart. "What carrier is to compare with him?"

"Never you mind, cheel," answered Cripps, with a smile that shone like a warming-pan; "the womens may say what they pleases on me, so long as I does my dooty by 'em. Squaze the lemon for his Worship afore 'un goeth."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Dr. Tyndall, in a recent lecture on the results of an optical examination of air, with reference to the germs of putrefaction and disease, showed that where air is filtered through compressed cotton it is thoroughly purified from all floating germs, and that it will not transmit light. A glass chamber filled with purified air remains dark even when placed in the track of a concentrated beam of light. The inference is consequently made by Dr. Tyndall that air which has lost its power of scattering light has also lost its power of producing life.

He also finds that air can be rendered optically pure by leaving it undisturbed three or four days in a close chamber. All the floating matter subsides, and the confined air will not transmit light. Solutions placed therein remain unaltered, though left for months, while similar solutions open to the ordinary air swarm with bacteria in twenty-four hours or two days. The conclusions of Dr. Tyndall are claimed as a great triumph by the opponents of the hypothesis of spontaneous generation, as showing that where the germs of organic life are eliminated from the atmosphere, there is no development of living forms in properly prepared solutions.

The English journals have already commenced to urge the necessity of sending out a succor or a supply expedition, as the case may be, to the British vessels now engaged in arctic exploration, remarking that where a similar precaution was taken in the earlier expeditions a successful result was secured in the safe return of the vessels, or at least of the crews, and that where this was neglected serious disasters followed.

Captain Nares, it is understood, has already made provision by which communication can be secured with his vessels, as he will leave a party from the *Discovery* at Littleton Island or Cape Isabella about the 1st of May, 1876. A boat will also be sent to the entrance of Smith Sound later in the summer, unless the season is very open, when the vessel coming out in 1876 might go up as far as Cape Sabine, or even as Cape Prescott. The spring journey will be performed by dogs, and will not perceptibly weaken the exploring parties. The distance from the winter-quarters of the *Discovery* will be about 250 miles.

It will only be necessary to send a sufficiently strong and properly provisioned steamer to the entrance of Smith Sound in the navigable season in 1876 to visit Littleton Island and Cape Isabella; and as it is intended to send a vessel in 1877, this might be fitted out earlier and make a previous trip in 1876 also. If a government vessel can not be spared, a whaler might be hired to proceed to the entrance of Smith Sound.

Another suggestion is, to request Captain Young, who will sail in the *Pandora* next spring, to turn aside from the object of his voyage—namely, to discover, if possible, Sir John Franklin's papers, etc.—and open a communication with the arctic expedition, which, it is understood, he has already agreed to do.

The *Geographical Magazine* mentions the death of Werner Munzinger, a Swiss by birth, and a correspondent of that journal, who was long occupied in explorations in Africa. His services during the British campaign in Abyssinia were of the utmost importance both on account of his knowledge of the country and his mediation with many of the native tribes to secure their neutrality. He was the author of several valuable works, and contributed largely to the Journal of the Royal Geographical Society.

The Fish Commissioners of Maine have published their report for 1875, being their ninth annual report, and, as might have been expected, much space is occupied therein by the subject of the salmon and land-locked salmon, in regard to which they have made the usual progress by means of the hatching establishments at Bucksport, Grand Lake Stream, and elsewhere. They refer to the remarkable scarcity of salmon on the coast during the year 1875, a condition prevailing both in the United States and throughout the British Provinces, and they suggest that the much greater abundance during the year before indicates something similar to what we see in certain fruit crops, which have a regular period of abundance and scarcity in successive years. They say that very possibly the salmon have a two years' period of return to their native waters for the purpose of spawning, instead of one—a suggestion heretofore made by good observers.

Of the fry of the salmon 700,000 were distributed, 100,000 being those of the California species. The growing interest in the land-locked salmon has also been responded to by the Maine Commissioners. During the past year many eggs were secured at Sebec Lake, and a still larger number at Sebago and Grand Lake Stream, and, it is to be hoped, with satisfactory results.

The distribution of black bass has been continued by the Commissioners, and they warmly recommend this fish for waters already infested with pickerel, which they can successfully resist, even if they can not exterminate them.

Reference is also made to the blue-backed trout, *Salmo oquassa*, and to the land-locked smelt, and the propagation of both strongly urged. A good deal has been done by the Commissioners in reference to distributing the former fish, now confined to the Rangeley lakes, and to other streams and ponds of the State.

The subject of fish-ways is one that the Commissioners consider worthy of further legislation, in view of the strenuous and hitherto successful resistance to the laws already enacted, by mill-owners on certain streams of the State.

The report of the Secretary of War, forming a portion of the President's Message, with accompanying documents, is one of very great magnitude, filling several stout volumes, the bulk of which is mainly taken up with the report of General Humphreys, Chief Engineer United States Army. General Humphreys's reports year by year are increasing in value and importance, and constitute a valuable cyclopedia of engineering and geographical progress. Among the most interesting components of the engineer's report is the annual report of Lieutenant Wheeler of his geographical explorations during 1875, and containing very elaborate notices of the field work, the meteorology, the geology, the mineralogy, the botany, the agriculture, and the zoology of the regions explored during 1874.

A special section is devoted to the department of ethnology, in which we find accounts of the ancient population by Professor Cope, by Dr. Loew, and by Lieutenant Birney, and a report upon the Pueblos of New Mexico by Mr. Gachet. The work is illustrated by nine plates of vertebrate fossils, scenery, etc., together with a large number of wood-cuts. The report is also accompanied by a triangulation map, and a map showing the progress of the survey.

The telegraphic announcement of the safe arrival of Lieutenant Cameron at Loanda, after having traversed the continent of Africa from Zanzibar, has been followed by more detailed information received by mail. Lieutenant Cameron, as already mentioned, left Ujiji on the 14th of May, 1874, and crossing the Tanganyika by the usual ferry to Kasenge, traveled along Livingstone's track to Nyangwe, on the Lualaba. There, being unable to procure a boat to pursue his journey by water, he was compelled to continue it by land. At Kelimba he met a trader from Bihe, in whose company he reached the west coast.

The whole country between Nyangwe and Lake Dilolo, a distance of over 600 miles, was new ground, as, though the Luburi, the Lulua, and other rivers crossed by Lieutenant Cameron had been heard of before and the country had been traversed, he was the first to fix their true position on the map. He ascertained that the Lualaba at Nyangwe is only 1400 feet above the sea-level, thus proving conclusively that the vast river system discovered by Livingstone can have no connection with the Nile, for the latter at Gondokoro is already 1500 feet above the sea. Indeed, there is no reasonable doubt that the Lualaba is one of the sources of the Congo, and that the two are one and the same stream. Whether the Welle belongs to the same basin is yet to be determined.

The success of Lieutenant Cameron's labors is the more gratifying as the German African expedition, which was engaged to explore the same region, was unable to proceed, and when last heard from Dr. Lenz was in command at Lopé, on the river Ogowe, entirely destitute of supplies and assistance.

According to the *Athenæum*, the French African expedition, under M. De Brazza, was about to start, at last advices, from Gaboon for the Ogowe with an escort of three Europeans and seventy colored soldiers from Senegal. Serious opposition was expected, from the fact that the expedition of Compiègne and Marché killed a number of natives, and that Marché was known by them to be a member of this expedition.

The efforts of General Gordon to reach the Albert Nyanza by a steamer proved a failure, the steamer having grounded, and at last advices he was attempting to continue his exploration by land. It is now believed that the Albert Nyanza does not belong to the system of the Nile at all.

The biennial report, for the years 1874–75, of the California Fish Commission has been published, and gives an account of the labors of Messrs. Redding, Throckmorton, and Farwell in the administration of the trust confided to them by the State. Referring to their previous report for the account of an unsuccessful experiment at introducing fresh-water and marine fish of the Atlantic slope to California, by means of an aquarium car, they have the pleasure of announcing the entire success of the renewed effort on the part of Mr. Livingston Stone.

Among the principal fish thus introduced were 173 full-grown spawning black bass placed in Napa Creek; sixteen full-grown wall-eyed perch (*Lucoperca*) placed in the Sacramento; fifty-six large Schuylkill cat-fish and eighteen Mississippi cat-fish placed in the San Joaquin, near Stockton; seventy horned pout in Sacramento County; twelve eels in a lake near Sacramento; 305 small Eastern salmon in the Sacramento; and four full-grown black bass in Napa Creek.

Of salt-water fish, twenty-three tautog were deposited in the bay of San Francisco. The experiment with lobsters was not so successful; of 150 full-grown individuals, only three arriving alive, which were placed in the bay of San Francisco. About 1500 small salt-water eels were placed in the same locality.

The Commissioners are satisfied that most of the species introduced have found congenial quarters, and will before long be heard from. Large numbers of young black bass have already been detected, as also some of the glass-eyed perch. The cat-fish have grown rapidly, the young of which are frequently seen. The horned pouts have increased so rapidly that nearly one thousand have been taken out and transferred. They were placed in lakes containing brush and dead trees, so that they could not be seined out. Of the fresh-water eels, one has been taken which had grown to be more than a foot in length.

A large number of white-fish eggs furnished by the United States Fish Commission were placed in Tulare Lake. Many eggs of the brook trout have also been transferred to the West. Nothing further has been done in the way of shad, although the Commissioners hope another season to have a donation of young fish from the United States Fish Commission.

The Commissioners also refer to their co-operation with the United States on the M'Cloud River to multiply salmon in the Sacramento, $2000 having been contributed by Governor Stanford and Mr. Charles Crocker, by means of which it is expected that between two and three millions of young will be hatched and turned into the river. They think that the true interest of California is in increasing the numbers of her native fish as well as in introducing those from abroad, and they design to keep up their efforts to stock the Sacramento until an abundant supply shall always be insured.

They figure up 4,000,000 pounds of salmon as having been shipped from the Sacramento River between the 1st of November, 1874, and the 1st of August, 1875, not including what had been sent East and otherwise disposed of. Numerous important recommendations are brought forward by the Commissioners for the protection of the interests committed to them. Among others, they would have the laws for the protection of seals and sea-lions rescinded, as these animals destroy myriads of valuable fishes. They also urge that some restriction be made in regard to the capture of fish, especially in salt-water, at improper times and by improper methods, referring to the very great numbers of young fish destroyed wantonly and unnecessarily by the methods of fishing practiced by the Chinese.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

FEBRUARY, 1876.

Sunday, 27.—Quinquagesima.

MARCH.

Wednesday 1.—Ash-Wednesday.
Sunday, 5.—First Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 12.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Sunday, 19.—Third Sunday in Lent.
Saturday, 25.—Annunciation B. V. M.
Sunday, 26.—Fourth Sunday in Lent.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey began their work in New York on Monday evening, February 7, in the Hippodrome. Both halls, the larger containing 7000 persons and the smaller 4000, were filled, and several thousand persons more stood outside. Distinguished ministers of the Protestant denominations occupied the platform. The audiences represented the very best elements of the city's population. A choir of 1200 voices conducted the singing, and numerous ushers assisted the people in finding seats. The first hymn was sung by the congregation, when Bishop Janes, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, offered prayer. Mr. Sankey then sang "Hold the Fort," the people joining in the chorus. The voice of Mr. Sankey is pronounced by those who were present to be as sweet as ever, and to have gained in flexibility. Mr. Moody took for his text 1 Corinthians, i. 27, "But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," etc. The sermon was one of great power. In the overflow meeting in the second hall an address was delivered by the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jun. The people there also wished to hear Mr. Moody, but he was unable to speak to them.

On the second evening the large hall was filled again in fifteen minutes after the doors were opened. A noon prayer-meeting was organized on the same day, which will be followed by a four-o'clock Bible-reading service. All the indications point to a large attendance upon these meetings and a deep interest among the people.

There seems to be a probability that the assembling of the Presbyterian Alliance in Edinburgh will be postponed until 1877. It has been found that the Presbyterian ministers in the United States who wish to attend will, to a great extent, be detained by the Centennial and the duties growing out of it. A meeting has been held in Dr. Crosby's church to consider the expediency of recommending a postponement. It was finally decided to make such a recommendation to the Scotch committee.

In opening Parliament on Tuesday, February 8, Queen Victoria announced that she had directed the appointment of Royal Commissioners whose duty it will be to inquire whether any steps ought to be taken to secure for the commanders of British naval ships greater power in protecting the liberty of fugitive slaves.

Allahabad, India, which was a few years ago the scene of an important missionary convention, has been lately the meeting-place of a Sunday-school convention, which was held January 19–21. As a preparation for it, the following statistics of Sunday-schools in India were collected: The English-speaking Sunday-schools are 46, with 2293 scholars; the Anglo-vernacular 19, with 1165 scholars; the vernacular 201, with 8027 scholars—making a total of 266 schools and 11,485 scholars. The non-Christian schools number 367, with 17,369 scholars. It was thought that farther returns would add to these totals.

The Witherspoon memorial statue, one of the contributions of American Presbyterians to the Centennial Exposition, is now finished. It is of bronze, and colossal in size, and is said to be, as to likeness, an excellent copy of the portrait now in Independence Hall.

In addition to the £5000 given to the Church Missionary Society, of England, for the establishment of a mission in the interior of Africa, £5000 have been presented to the London Mission House for the planting of a mission at Ujiji, on the borders of Lake Tanganyika.

The Baptists have announced "a giant Centennial meeting," to be held at Ocean Grove, New Jersey, from the 11th to the 20th July. The Methodist proprietors of the grove have placed it at their disposal for that period. The Baptist Social Union of Philadelphia have invited representatives from all the Social Unions of the country to meet them in that city next summer.

Bishop Marvin, of the Southern Methodist Church, announces that he is about preparing the life of Bishop James O. Andrew.

Cardinal Manning has written to the London *Times* denying that he has given any encouragement to the scheme of *Presbyter Anglicanus* for union with the Roman Catholic Church, or that he has gone or will go to Rome to urge its acceptance. The cable reports that the Rev. Alexander H. Mackonochie, of St. Albans, London, and one hundred other ritualist clergymen have issued a document in which they deny all connection with the proposal of *Presbyter Anglicanus* or sympathy with it. It is reported also by cable that an effort is making to establish a *modus vivendi* between Germany and the papacy; but with regard to this there is not the certainty that could be desired. The ultramontane organ, the *Germania*, denies it very positively.

An important meeting has been held in this city to consider the project of founding and maintaining a Hebrew college. Representatives were present from a number of the Hebrew congregations of New York. A memorial prepared by the Rev. Dr. Adler was read, which stated that many of the Jewish youth "look upon their attendance at religious instruction as the sole tribute they owe to their faith, and having paid it, ignore their religion ever after." It was proposed to found an institution for the thorough training of theologians, and for the instruction of young men generally in the history, literature, and philosophy of Judaism. Committees were appointed to take measures for the calling of a more general meeting.

The Missionary Conference of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Central New York, which was held in Ithaca January 25 and 26, was the means of eliciting some very able papers, and especially one from the Lord Bishop of Montreal, Dr. Oxenden, on "The Church in Canada." The stipends of the clergy in Canada vary from $600 to $1000, although in the cities more is paid. The Church funds are derived from (1) the clergy reserves, granted in the reign of George III., which have been divided with the Presbyterians; (2) an annual grant from the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts;" (3) a local sustentation fund; (4) the mission fund. Bishop Oxenden's diocese numbers eighty clergymen and 37,000 members. The bishops are elected by the clergy and laity assembled in Synod. The vote of the Synod is final, and needs no confirmation from other diocesan bodies. The external relation of the Church in Canada to the Church of England is gradually disappearing.

The ministers of Richmond, Virginia, have adopted strong resolutions recommending the repeal of the charter of the institution known as the "Southern Association for the Benefit of the Widows and Orphans" of the Southern States. The association has made use of a lottery to raise funds.

Mr. Gladstone has borne a recent testimony, drawn from his own experience, to the value of Sunday rest. He had been requested by the "Working-men's Lord's Day Rest Association" to write a preface for a prize essay. He declined to do this, but said: "Believing in the authority of the Lord's Day as a religious institution, I must, as a matter of course, desire the recognition of that authority by others. But over and above this, I have myself, in the course of a laborious life, signally experienced both its mental and its physical benefits. I can hardly overstate its value in this view, and for the interests of the working-men of the country, alike in these and in other yet higher respects, there is nothing I more anxiously desire than that they should more and more highly appreciate the Christian day of rest."

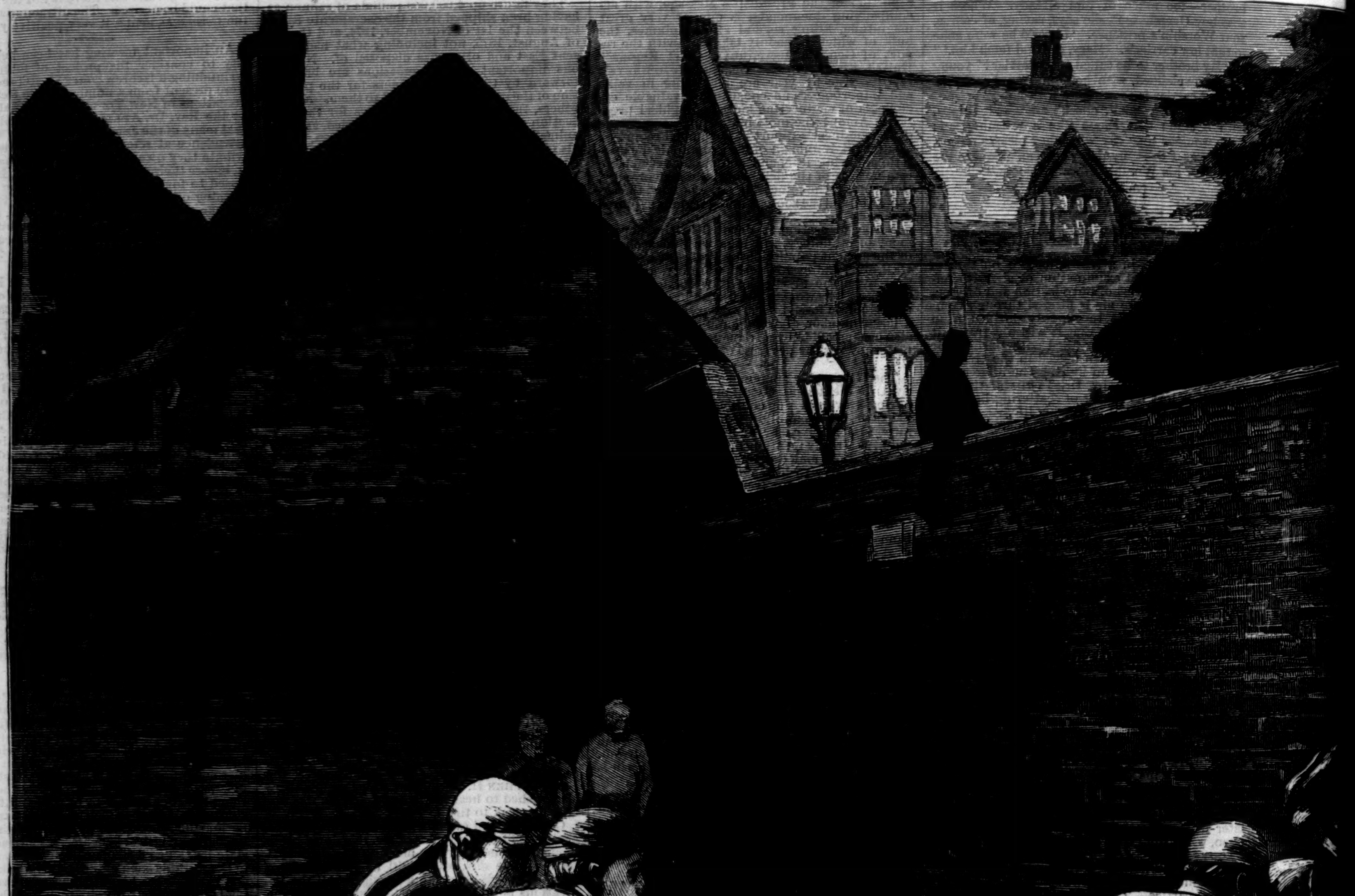
A religious revival in the college at Princeton is reported. It began on the Day of Prayer for Colleges. The number of converts exceeds one hundred.

It is a noteworthy fact that notwithstanding the activity of the Roman Catholics in England, its Catholic population does not greatly exceed 1,000,000. The hierarchy in England and Wales comprises one cardinal archbishop, one archbishop *in partibus*, sixteen bishops, and 1772 priests—an increase of fifty-two priests in 1875. There are 1061 churches and chapels—an increase during the year of twenty. There are 215 monastic communities in England and Wales. In Ireland there are four provinces, with four archbishops, one of whom is a cardinal, and twenty-eight dioceses. According to the London *Tablet*, the Roman Catholic population of Ireland is now 4,000,000, which is less than that of the United States (6,000,000). The English *Catholic Directory* for 1876 reports that there are thirty-six Roman Catholic peers, seven Roman Catholic members of the Privy Council, and fifty Catholic members of the House of Commons.

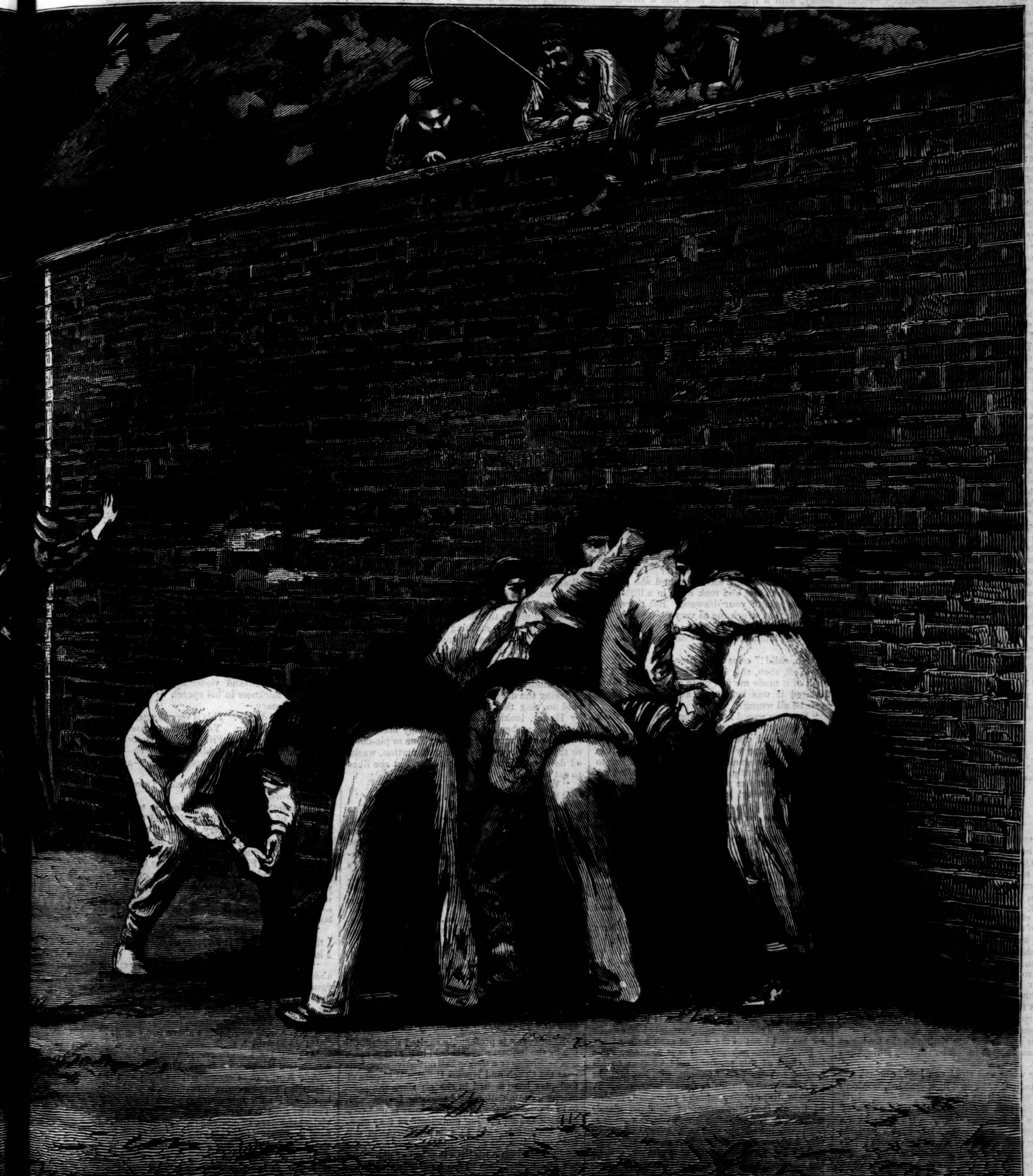
The Roman Catholic University of Paris, one of the first fruits of the new French educational law, was opened in January with religious services. About sixty students were present. Archbishop Guibert, of Paris, officiated, and read an address, in which he expressed the belief that the new law would lead to still further concessions from the state. He was confident that the Catholic university movement would insure the regeneration of France.

Numerous revivals in Delaware are noticed by the papers of that State. In Smyrna, Dover, and Wilmington the accessions to the churches have been very many.

The managers of the National Temperance Society have sent an important memorial to Governor Tilden's Commission on the Government of Cities, in which the evils of the present license system are fully set forth. They call attention to the fact that 84,399 cases were brought before the police justices of New York in the year 1875; of the whole number of persons, 24,068 were women. The justices say that almost half of the cases considered by them were cases of intoxication, and that from seventy-five to ninety per cent. of all the offenses brought to their notice grow out of the use of liquor. The managers of the National Temperance Society put the number of licensed drinking places in this city at 7000, and estimate the unlicensed at 3000. Reckoning $5000 a year to be taken at each, the total annual amount spent in the city at drinking places is $50,000,000. To this must be added the tax for pauperism and crime. This is a large and important question for the Commission to consider.



FOOT-BALL AT TH LL.—



LL.—[SEE PAGE 170.]

FOOT-BALL.

The game of "foot-ball at the wall," as played at Eton, is of such a complicated nature that it would be all but impossible to make it intelligible to the uninitiated but for the excellent double-page engraving with which the artist has supplied us. This game is played, as its name imports, along a "wall" of about one hundred and twenty-five yards in length—the boundary wall, in fact, of the school playing fields. About five yards from and parallel to this wall a line is cut in the grass, and the game takes place within the space inclosed between the "wall" and the "line." There are eleven players on each side, designated as follows, according to the places they occupy in the game: three are called "walls," two "seconds," and one "third;" these compose the "bully;" then there is one "fourth" and one "line" player, one "flying man" just behind the bully, one "long behind," and a "goal keeper."

The object, as in all games of foot-ball, is, of course, to propel the ball toward the goal of the opposite side; but as in this game the goal is, on one side, a door some six feet high by three feet broad (on the left of our sketch), and on the other, a space of about the same area marked off in white paint on the bark of a tree, and as both goals are without the line of which we have spoken, the chances of the ball being kicked against the goal are so very small that the games would generally end in a "draw" were it not for a somewhat complicated and curious method of scoring points, which we will endeavor to explain.

At about fifteen yards from each end of the wall a clear white line is drawn down it from top to bottom (it may be seen in the sketch). When one party has succeeded in getting the ball within this line (technically denominated the "calx"), the process of scoring commences in the following manner: The bully being formed as usual against the wall, the ball is rolled in by some outsider (by the umpire in important matches). Directly it touches the wall, the defending side endeavor to send it back to their "behind," that he may send it flying out of calx over the heads of the bully; the attacking side, on the other hand, do their utmost to keep the ball close to the wall, so that one of their side may get it into a position between any part of his leg below the knee and *against* the wall; he then touches the ball with his hand and ejaculates, "Got it." The bully is immediately broken, and if the umpire declares that the ball is fairly "got up," a "shy" is obtained, which means that the player so getting it may "shy" the ball out to one of his own side, he to another, etc., etc., till they endeavor to make it strike the goal; but as there are eleven players on the other side to prevent the ball doing so, a goal is very rarely got, so that, although a goal is equivalent to any number of shies, the game is generally decided by the majority of shies obtained. Our artist's sketch represents a bully formed just outside and short of "good calx," so called because the wall at right angles to the main wall renders the retention of the ball within shy-getting limits easier than in the opposite calx, where there is no such boundary wall.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

Author of "Hostages to Fortune," "Lady Audley's Secret," "Strangers and Pilgrims," "Taken at the Flood," "A Strange World," etc.

CHAPTER XLVII.

IN THE SURGERY.

That speech of Dr. Mitsand's about Podmore awakens hope in Robert Faunthorpe's breast. If there has been murder done—if Stephen Trenchard has not been in some distracted hour his own destroyer—this man is surely more likely to have been the murderer than any one else under that roof. He has had access to his master at all hours of the night—in those silent hours when the rest of the household has been locked in sleep. He may have stolen the plate, made away with the valuables committed to his charge, and may have been urged to make away with his master in order to escape the punishment of his dishonesty. Or he may have known himself to be a legatee under his master's will, and may have done this foul deed to expedite fortune. So Dr. Faunthorpe reasons with himself during his dismal homeward walk.

Marion and Jenny are sitting in the parlor at work when he goes in. The tea-tray still adorns the table.

"How white and tired you look, uncle!" exclaims Marion. "You'd like some tea, wouldn't you? I've saved the tea-pot."

"Thank you, my dear. I'll take a cup of tea," says the doctor, faintly. He sinks into a chair, with a weary sigh. His parish patients have been neglected to-day, and conscience pricks him. They will be coming presently, poor things, with their burns and scalds and boils and whitlows and festers, and all that variety of thorns in the flesh to which poverty is subject, and he will have to brace his nerves and attend to them. But for the moment he feels prostrate.

Marion shakes the tea-pot vigorously, and pours out a decoction not very unlike that infusion of senna which the parish patients consume by the pailful.

"There, uncle, that 'll do you good. Run to the kitchen, Jenny, and get the hot cake we saved for Uncle Robert;" and Jenny rushes off and returns swiftly with a crisp and greasy bannock which the doctor is wont to enjoy above all other delicacies.

"Any news of Sibyl?" asks Marion.

"No, my dear," sighs the doctor.

"Strange, isn't it?" exclaims Marion.

"Very strange, my dear. I begin to feel very uneasy about your poor sister. What could have induced her to take such a step? At such a time too!"

"Just at the time when she ought to have been thinking about her mourning," says Marion.

"I hope she hasn't committed suicide!" cries Jenny, with a frightened look and a strangled sob.

"Jane," exclaims the doctor, severely, "I am shocked at your suggesting any thing so dreadful. Your sister is a Christian, I hope."

"Of course; but she might have been unhappy, poor thing! I dare say she detested that horrid Mr. Pilgrim, and Uncle Trenchard tried to force her into marrying him, and then perhaps she got frightened and miserable, and was driven to p-p-poison herself," concludes Jenny, with a burst of sobs.

The little doctor starts in his chair as if he had been shot, and puts down his cup and saucer with a trembling hand.

"How dare you say such things, Jane?" he demands, severely. He is very angry when he calls his youngest niece Jane. "How dare you mention such a thing as poison in connection with your sister's name? Where should she get poison, I should like to know? How should she get it?"

"If—if she wanted it very badly, she might get it in the surgery," whimpers Jenny.

"Not without my knowledge. I have forbidden every one in this house to touch a single bottle in my surgery."

"Yes, uncle," falters Jenny, recalling the many half hours in which she has diverted herself with those very bottles; "but if Sibyl wanted any thing very badly, some laudanum for the toothache, for instance, and you happened to be out at the time, she might not stand upon—what's its name?"

"What is the girl driving at?" cries Marion, in a disgusted tone.

"What do you mean, Jenny?" says Dr. Faunthorpe, nervously. "If there is any thing in your knowledge that I ought to be told, speak out; and for God's sake speak only the truth to me, and hold your tongue to all the rest of the world about it—and you too, Marion. This is more serious than either of you can imagine."

"Sibyl had the toothache one afternoon when she was here—about a fortnight or three weeks ago, perhaps—or she had been having the toothache very badly, she said, and couldn't get any sleep, and she wanted some laudanum."

"Laudanum?" cries Dr. Faunthorpe, relieved. "Is that all?"

"Yes; but laudanum's poison, isn't it, Uncle Robert, if you take enough of it? I told her where the laudanum was kept, and she got up on the step-ladder and took some in a little bottle out of one of your drawers. But there was one thing that struck me as very mysterious."

"What was that?"

"Does laudanum ever smell of bitter almonds?"

"No, child!" cries the doctor, with a start.

"Well, then, this did, ever so strong. The smell of it made me feel quite queer. But Sibyl declared it was laudanum, and that my smell must be all wrong."

"But you would know opium, surely—a dark brown liquid?"

"Yes, but I didn't see this. Sibyl had her back toward me while she was filling the little bottle. I only smelt it. When I asked her to show me the bottle, she refused, and called me a stupid. But I'm positive it smelt of bitter almonds; and Sibyl looked quite pale and faint afterward, as if the smell had upset her too."

"Can this be true?" cries the doctor, profoundly agitated.

"Pray don't put yourself out of the way about it, uncle," exclaims Marion, soothingly. "Sibyl might have taken all the poisons in the surgery, and no harm need come of it. She's a great deal too fond of herself and her pretty looks to commit suicide. I dare say she's with her grand friends at the How, flirting with Sir Wilford Candonnel, and enjoying herself ever so."

"But if she were at the How, she would have heard of Mr. Trenchard's death by this time."

"I don't know about that."

"I must send to the How. I must send to every place where there is a chance of finding her. It is most vital that she should return without delay."

"Yes," says Marion. "She ought to see about her mourning; and if she is to be Uncle Trenchard's chief heiress, it certainly looks queer for her to be out of the way at such a time."

Dr. Faunthorpe sighs and says no more. The bell rings at this moment, and he goes to his surgery to see a parish patient, who has brought the latest variety in scalds for his inspection. A whitlow drops in five minutes afterward, followed by an interesting case of enlarged glands wrapped in flannel, after which comes a promising whooping-cough, and on the heels of that a very fair specimen of incipient measles. These occupy Dr. Faunthorpe till nine o'clock, and he has but just dismissed the measles with a comforting dose of senna, when a bell rings sharply—not the surgery bell this time. He is standing in the passage when it rings, and he opens the door himself, and admits a respectable-looking stranger, of business-like aspect and middle age.

"Dr. Faunthorpe, I believe?"

"Yes, I am Dr. Faunthorpe."

"Can I have a few words with you in your surgery?"

"A patient," thinks the doctor, as he ushers the visitor into his stuffy den, heated like an oven by the gas, and odorous with senna and peppermint.

"I may as well come straight to business, Dr. Faunthorpe," says the stranger directly the door is shut. "You were present at the post-mortem this afternoon, and you know that Mr. Trenchard has been poisoned with prussic acid. My name is Judbury, and I belong to the Krampston police force. I am sent here by our chief to look into this business. My duty is to find out where that prussic acid was bought. Now before I go to the chemists' shops, Dr. Faunthorpe, I want to know if it came out of your surgery, as there is reason to suppose it did."

"What reason can there be to suppose any such thing?"

"Never you mind that. You'll be summoned to appear at the inquest to-morrow, and you'll be asked certain questions, I dare say. I want to see your bottle of dilute prussic acid."

"Suppose I tell you that I keep no such thing in my surgery?"

"Then I should have to look for myself. I've got authority to search your surgery. You'd better let me see the bottle. It'll come to the same thing in the end."

Very pale, and with a sinking of his heart which he has never felt before in all his patient life, Robert Faunthorpe drags the step-ladder to the recess of the fire-place, and mounts to look for the dark blue bottle.

Mr. Judbury follows him to the steps, and eyes him as a cat eyes a mouse during the operation.

Poor Dr. Faunthorpe's hand trembles a little as he takes down the fatal bottle, and before he can examine it Mr. Judbury's firm fingers have taken it from him.

"How much acid do you suppose you had in the bottle, Sir?" asks Judbury.

"I really can't say to a nicety—it's a drug I rarely use—perhaps a matter of two ounces."

"And there isn't an ounce here."

"But I can't be positive," exclaims the doctor, profoundly agitated. "I tell you it's ever so long since I used any. I can't be called upon to state the quantity. It may have evaporated."

"I understand. But your impression is that you had two or three ounces. The bottle doesn't look as if it had been disturbed lately; the dust's pretty thick upon it," says Mr. Judbury, taking it to the gas burner and examining it closely.

"Do you see this, Dr. Faunthorpe?" he asks, pointing to the side of the dark blue bottle.

"This" is the impression of two slim fingers on the dust-whitened glass. Two streaks of blue show where two fingers have grasped the bottle.

"That's the mark of a hand, Sir," says the detective, decisively; "a woman's or a child's."

"Jenny, my youngest niece, may have tampered with the bottle," stammers the doctor, beside himself with fear and trouble. "She has been forbidden to touch any thing; but she's a tiresome child, and may—"

"Send for Miss Jenny, Sir, and let us ask her all about it," says Mr. Judbury.

Robert Faunthorpe could cut out his tongue for having uttered the girl's name. Jenny will come, and under this horrible man's cross-questioning will say something to implicate Sibyl. Horrors are thickening round this miserable house. Is this the hour they have all hoped and waited for, the hour which was to bring Stephen Trenchard's days to an end, and be the beginning of his kindred's prosperity?

Seeing the doctor hesitate, Mr. Judbury makes bold to ring the bell himself. It is answered by Hester, looking daggers. She hates to be disturbed at her supper. It is only bread and cheese, or the scrapings of some bone or pie-dish, or the greasy remnants of hashed mutton, washed down with a mug of table-beer, but she likes to eat it in peace.

"What is it, Sir?" she asks, snappishly.

"Send Miss Jane here," falters the doctor.

Jane comes and is questioned about the blue bottle. She fences with her questioner at first, and looks as if the rack itself would not twist an admission of any kind out of her; but subjected to Mr. Judbury's insidious process of interrogation, she finally tells the whole story of Sibyl's coming into the surgery to get some laudanum, and the mysterious smell of bitter almonds, and the bottle which Sibyl filled and would not let her see.

"Thank you, miss," says Judbury, approvingly. "I think we must get you to appear before the Coroner to-morrow."

"Jane," exclaims the doctor, when Mr. Judbury had made his bow and departed, "you have put a rope round your sister's neck."

CHAPTER XLVIII.

STEPHEN TRENCHARD SURPRISES HIS FRIENDS.

Redcastle is profoundly excited next morning by the inquest which is held in the large room—a ball-room or a dining hall on festive occasions—at the Coach and Horses Hotel. Whispers of foul play have floated in the air since the post-mortem examination at Lancaster Lodge. Sibyl's disappearance has become known, and people look at one another ominously as they mention her name. Mr. Pilgrim's behavior in this time of trial is the admiration of every body, the enthusiasm beginning with the firm of upholsterers and undertakers whom he intrusts with the conduct of Mr. Trenchard's obsequies and gradually permeating the town, till every one is loud in his praise. His coolness, his clearness of head, his decent grief for his departed friend, his thoughtful consideration for Sibyl, in quest of whom he has sent far and wide. All these things entitle him to the admiration of the town, and Redcastle does not stint its praise.

Never has the Coroner sat in so crowded a court as this which he gravely contemplates today. Mrs. Stormont has borrowed her cook's bonnet, and put on her thickest veil, fondly feeling herself disguised by this means, when every turn of her head and every angle of her figure are as well known in Redcastle as the town pump. Mrs. Groshen is also present, thickly veiled. The two matrons have been accommodated with chairs in a quiet corner near the reporters' table, and they put their heads together, and sigh dismally, and talk of the awfulness of life and death, and the mysterious depths of wickedness in the human heart, pending the commencement of the proceedings.

The first evidence is entirely medical. Dr. Mitsand describes those appearances in the corpse which led him to conclude that Stephen Trenchard had been poisoned. Mr. Pollintory deposes to the finding of the poison in his analysis of the contents of the stomach. Dr. Mitsand describes the discovery of a vial which has contained the diluted acid in a basket in the room usually occupied by Sibyl Faunthorpe.

Joel Pilgrim is examined as to the discovery of the death at nine o'clock on the previous morning. He is questioned as to those appearances which at once impressed Dr. Mitsand, and he owns that in the agitation consequent on the sad event he had overlooked these indications.

"You saw nothing particular in the appearance of the corpse?" inquires the Coroner.

"I was too agitated to observe."

"Yet you must have perceived the livid hue which struck Dr. Mitsand."

"I may have perceived that. My impression was that death had been caused by an apoplectic stroke."

"And that, in your mind, would account for the livid tinge?"

"It would."

"Did you observe the eyes?"

"I was too agitated to observe details."

"But you must have seen the expression of the eyes. Were they bright and glassy; staring; the pupils dilated?"

"I can not say. I sent for the women to lay out the corpse immediately. The whole thing was too painful, too sudden, to allow of my observing particulars."

He is questioned as to Sibyl's disappearance.

"Can you give any reason for the young lady being absent at such a time?"

"I can not."

"She was to have been married to you yesterday morning?"

"She was."

"Had she given her free consent to the marriage?"

"She had."

"I beg you pardon," interposes a gentleman sitting at the table. "I think these questions are quite irrelevant to the object of the inquest. The jury have only to determine the cause of death. Miss Faunthorpe's conduct is outside the question."

Robert Faunthorpe has engaged a Krampston solicitor to watch the proceedings in his niece's interest. He has done his utmost for her in this, having an idea that the genius of Krampston is infinitely superior to that of Redcastle, and that a Krampston lawyer must be a man of experience and acumen.

Podmore, the butler, is examined as to his last visit to his master's room and the state in which he left the deceased. His answers to the Coroner's questions closely resembled those he made to Dr. Mitsand yesterday afternoon, but there is a thickness in his speech which offends that functionary.

"That will do, Sir. This is very shameful, Sir; positively disgusting. You are intoxicated."

"I beg your pardon, Sir," falters Podmore, dissolving in tears. "You blass my ch—ch—ar—racter, Sir. I haven't touch—drop—spirits. It's my feelings."

"Go away, Sir. You are drunk. I won't hear another word."

Dr. Faunthorpe is now examined as to the abstraction of a portion of prussic acid contained in the bottle in his surgery, but the Coroner can obtain no positive statement from him as to the quantity which ought to have been in the bottle.

"Come, Dr. Faunthorpe, you must have some approximate idea as to the quantity of acid in your possession. Your books would show you when you last bought any. If your memory is so much at fault, we shall have to ask to see your books."

"It is three years at least since I bought any. I may not have kept the wholesale chemist's bill. I have no record."

"Oh, come, you must remember something about it. If you so rarely employed the acid in your medicines, you must have the quantity you purchased nearly intact. Now what is the smallest quantity you have ever bought?"

"I think about two ounces."

"You have never bought above two ounces?"

"I do not think so."

"Come, Dr. Faunthorpe, you are too scientific a man to think about a fact. You must know."

And finally the Coroner wrings from him the admission that he ordered two ounces of the diluted acid with other drugs three years ago. That he used it once as a sedative in a case of violent sickness, that he can not remember having used it since. He admits the finding of the bottle in his surgery last night, with only one ounce or less than one ounce of the poison. The bottle is now in the possession of the authorities.

The Krampston solicitor objects to these questions, as having no bearing on the main issue, which is simply to ascertain the cause of death, but his objections are not entertained. The Coroner of Redcastle conducts his inquest with a lofty hand, and is as arbitrary as any of his mediæval predecessors.

Jane Faunthorpe is not called, much to the doctor's relief. Yet he feels that even as matters stand there is a black cloud hanging over the head of the absent Sibyl.

"Perhaps it would be better for her never to return," he thinks.

He has sent a messenger to the How, and has sent in other directions without avail. He can discover no trace of Sibyl. Yet Mr. Judbury is already in possession of some information upon this subject. He knows the hour at which she left Redcastle, the train by which she went, the clothes she wore, the bag she carried. His next duty will be to discover where she has gone.

The jury go to Lancaster Lodge to view the body. The medical evidence having settled the cause of death, this is little more than a formula, which it is indeed in many cases where investigation should be thorough.

After this, although the cause of death is sufficiently clear, the Coroner suggests the adjournment of the inquiry until further evidence can be brought forward.

There is some little discussion between the Coroner and the foreman of the jury as to a convenient date for the adjourned inquiry, and Mr. Judbury, who has been present throughout the proceedings, has a few words to say upon this subject. Finally, the inquest is adjourned to this day week. The funeral arrangements meanwhile may proceed.

"And the will may be read," thinks Dr. Faunthorpe, "and we shall know if Sibyl is the heiress. God grant she may appear without delay, and make her innocence manifest to every one!"

He goes back to his daily round of duty sorely dejected in spirit. There is none of his parish patients, hard as may be their struggle for existence, who carries so heavy a heart this day as he who ministers to their wants. There is no rheumatism or sciatica that gripes its victim with a sharper pang than the agony which tears Robert Faunthorpe's breast when he thinks that in the minds of all his towns-folk Sibyl lies under suspicion of murder.

Meanwhile Messrs. Kabriole, the upholsterers and undertakers, are in their glory. The massive oaken coffin, overloaded with brazen furniture, is in hand—merrily rings the joiner's hammer on the stout oak. The best velvet pall is brought forth from its resting-place, aired and brushed. The big Flemish horses have their manes combed and their fetlocks clipped, and receive all the embellishment that skillful grooming can bestow. The sable plumes are shaken out, the inky cloaks unfolded, and there is quite an agreeable bustle and excitement in Messrs. Kabriole's back shop.

"I sha'n't be sorry to get our account in," says Kabriole the elder to his Son and Co. "There's a heavy amount outstanding. Mr. Trenchard was like many of your millionaires, didn't like parting with his money."

"I should have asked him for it, father, if I was you," suggests the son.

"Yes, and have lost a first-rate customer," replies the senior, severely. "Gentlemen in that position mustn't be pressed for money. The most one can do is to send in one's account at Christmas."

"You might have had a bill to make up, or something."

"I does that with my pettifogging customers, Joe; never with a man of Mr. Trenchard's standing. It's too 'ollow."

"Well, the money will come handy in a lump," remarks the son.

"Of course it will, Joe; and you must bear in mind that I charges five per cent. interest all along—and the interest gets posted up every quarter, and carries interest on the back of it. It's like putting one's money in the bank—and safer."

"Well, you're a good 'un, father. There's no getting the right side of you."

"I've got an 'ed for business, Joe," answers the parent, complacently. "I was born so."

The days go by, but bring no tidings of Sibyl. The day of the funeral comes, a quiet funeral, but splendid. All that wealth can do to disguise the awfulness of death—or to add to it—with funeral pomp, has been done here. Mr. Kabriole watches the sable train leave his premises with a thrill of pride. Every item of that gorgeous *cortége* is already entered in his ledger. He feels that the metropolis could hardly beat this.

"Drat your reformed funerals—with their rubbishing open cars—reminding folks of Lord Mayor's Day, or Ashley's Theayter!" exclaims the upholsterer, who has served his time to a London firm. "Give me the good old style—the legitimate—as your play-goers say of the draymer."

Dr. Faunthorpe, Mr. Pilgrim, Dr. Mitsand, and Colonel Stormont are the chief mourners, and occupy two mourning-coaches. Poor Dr. Faunthorpe weeps silently behind his handkerchief—not for the dead, for whom he cares but little, but for the living, over whom clouds lower so heavily. He feels very much as if he were going in solemn state to his own execution. Except these tears there is but little show of grief. Dr. Mitsand and Colonel Stormont talk of the mystery of the dead man's end, but do not commit themselves to any opinion on the subject. Joel Pilgrim is silent as death itself.

A good many private carriages testify to the respect in which Stephen Trenchard has been held by his fellow-townsmen. Sir Wilford Candonnel's family chariot follows with high-stepping bays, and the coachman and footman in their last new liveries.

Solemnly toll the minster bells as the procession wends its slow and pompous way down the street. Shutters are up before almost all the shop windows—blinds are down in many places—a respectful crowd gazes in reverential silence at the spectacle.

The town of Redcastle bears witness that it has lost a benefactor.

However solemnly performed, that service of the Church which remits dust to dust is not a long one, nor is Stephen Trenchard's funeral protracted by any desperate burst of grief from the mourners. Decently, reverently, are all ceremonies performed. The mourners linger for a moment or so looking down at the coffin; rather as if they expected to see the departed spread his wings and soar visibly to a better world. Finding his ashes quiescent, they sigh, shake their heads despondently, and move away, scrape the clay off their boots upon an adjacent plebeian tombstone, and walk slowly back to their carriages.

"Now for the will!" says Colonel Stormont, cheerily, as they drive away from the church-yard.

There is something of the nature of a lottery in that will. There may be small prizes even for outsiders. Mourning-rings, silver tankards, lapis lazuli snuff-boxes, carved ivory, or other spoil of Ind.

"Most mysterious disappearance of that girl," exclaims the Colonel, after a pause. "What motive could she have for running away, unless—"

"Unless she had poisoned her uncle," said Dr. Mitsand, interpreting the Colonel's awful look. "If she were guilty of that crime, I think she would be here to-day. If she were capable of such an act, she would be capable of holding her ground afterward."

"They can't always stand it, you know," argues Colonel Stormont, speaking of the murderous profession generally. "They lose their heads and bolt after the thing is done. I suppose it looks so much worse to them when it is done than it did from the other side. They are a pluckless set for the most part, I think."

"It was not in that girl to commit a murder," says Dr. Mitsand, with conviction. "The circumstantial evidence is strong against her, I admit—her disappearance—the poison taken from her uncle's surgery—her expectation of Mr. Trenchard's fortune. But if she had poisoned him in order to get possession of his money, it stands to reason she would have staid to receive her inheritance. She would have known that to fly was almost to admit her guilt."

"She may have been seized with a panic when the thing was done."

"She would have staid, Colonel," persists the doctor. "She might have been stricken with fear, but she would have held her ground. She was too clever to commit such a blunder as flight if she had been guilty."

"How do you account for her absence, then?"

"Easily enough. Her uncle was forcing her into a hateful marriage, and she had not moral courage enough to oppose her will to his, so she let matters go on to the very last, and then ran away. A foolish thing to do, no doubt, but human."

"But why should she have taken that prussic acid from her uncle's surgery, as it is pretty evident she did take it, though the fact hasn't come out yet?"

"She may have armed herself with that as the means of suicide—a last resource if all other modes of escape failed her. We have no evidence that the prussic acid which killed Stephen Trenchard was the same poison taken from Dr. Faunthorpe's surgery."

"You have the evidence of the empty bottle."

"She may have thrown the stuff away, fearing to keep any thing so dangerous in her possession. If she were guilty, she would hardly have left that bottle in her work-basket."

"Humph!" mutters the Colonel. "You take an indulgent view of the case."

"I admit that at the first I was staggered by the facts, and inclined to suspect Miss Faunthorpe; but reflection has led me to form another opinion."

"Gad, Sir, and I should be glad if I could believe her innocent," says the Colonel, energetically. "She has eaten my bread and salt; I have liked and admired her; and even"—with ineffable condescension—"thought of her as a wife for my eldest son. I believe that poor boy adores her. It would be horrid to think her guilty. But these things ought to be looked straight in the face, Dr. Mitsand, if we don't want the whole fabric of society shaken. We mustn't be prussic-acid-ed into our graves in a quiet little town like this, and the poisoner go scot-free. No, Sir; I wish the good old law for the punishment of poisoners was still in force. We want our *Chambre Ardente*, Sir, for these scoundrels."

They are at the gates of Lancaster Lodge by this time. The mourning-coaches drive up to the hall door, where stands Podmore, quite sober on this occasion, and fully awake to the dignity of his position. He ushers the mourners to the drawing-room, where the sunlight is subdued by half-closed Venetian shutters, through which shines the sunny vista of lawn and flower beds. The crimson satin couches and ottomans are ranged in solemn order. A silver tray of decanters and glasses is placed unobtrusively on a side table. There is a small writing-table in front of an open window, with a chair set beside it, evidently prepared for the family lawyer, thinks Colonel Stormont, as he takes a glass of old Madeira from the obsequious Podmore.

No family lawyer appears, however. The four gentlemen refresh themselves gravely at the side table, assisted by Podmore. Very bitter is the taste of the amontillado to Dr. Faunthorpe, but his parched lips need to be moistened in somewise. The moment is at hand when the dealings of the dead to the living will be known. Will justice have been done to all his nieces, or will favors be heaped upon that one of them whom in secret he, Robert Faunthorpe, has loved the best?

Joel Pilgrim takes a second glass of sherry, clears his throat, and goes to the little table by the window.

"I believe, gentlemen," he begins, and the three mourners turn toward him, full of eager curiosity, "that in cases where there is a will to be read this is about the time at which the ceremonial is gone through. Now, my good friend Stephen Trenchard has left no will."

There's a look of amazement in the countenances of his three hearers. Dr. Faunthorpe feels the room going round bewilderingly, and tries feebly to remember how the law of inheritance stands in the case of nieces whose uncle dies intestate.

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Trenchard, a man of business, has died intestate?" exclaims Colonel Stormont, with indignant incredulity.

"He has died intestate, for the best of all reasons," answers Joel, coolly, as he unlocks a drawer in the writing-table. "He had nothing to bequeath!"

"Come, Sir, you are laughing at us," cries the Colonel.

"He was too sincere to indulge in the mockery of a will, and, in that self-restraint, was a model to mankind in general, who seem to take delight in disposing of imaginary effects," replies Joel, in an easy, conversational tone. "He made no will, but he intrusted me with a little paper which it was his wish that I should read to any of his friends and relatives who should be present on this sad occasion. With your permission, gentlemen, I shall proceed to do so."

"Make haste about it, Sir," cries the Colonel. "I can see that we have all been outrageously humbugged."

"You are not the first, Colonel, who has taken the appearance for the reality," replies Joel, politely.

He unfolds a sheet of letter-paper covered with Stephen Trenchard's neat penmanship, and reads thus:

"Having reason to believe that I shall die insolvent, I refrain from the empty formula of a last will and testament. I have nothing to bequeath except those accommodation bills drawn upon Providence which good men call blessings.

"The business which I conducted for thirty years in India was hopelessly insolvent five years before I retired from it. I had sunk my capital in it, and I consider that I was guilty of no fraud in withdrawing from it about a third of the amount of that original capital, although I knew that in so doing I must precipitate the ultimate failure. I transferred my speculative trade to a man adroit enough to navigate the leaky vessel for a few more voyages upon the commercial sea, and I was enabled to make my retreat from India with ten thousand pounds, and high repute; for although I was known to have been engaged in some doubtful adventures, and to have been somewhat unscrupulous in my traffic, I was believed to be enormously rich.

"I was sixty-six years of age when I made up my mind to retire from the excitements and agitations of a hazardous trade, and to enjoy the lotus-eater's calm repose for the rest of my days. I calculated that the ten thousand pounds that I was able to draw would, with a judicious use of my credit, last out my life, and enable me to glide in comfort to the grave. It pleased me to return to that native town which I had left as a penniless lad, and which, when I was honest and industrious, refused me daily bread. With a few thousands at my banker's, and the reputation of unlimited resources, I was able to command all that the town could give. Redcastle laid its riches at my feet. I had but to pay the rent of my house, the wages of my servants, and to give a check on account now and then to my trades-people. Every year left me a little deeper in their debt.

"I fear that I may have excited false hope in the mind of my very dear niece Sibyl Faunthorpe. I regret the possibility of this, but I can not be blamed for any baseless ideas which she may have entertained on the subject of my supposed fortune. I have never made any statement calculated to mislead her. I have neither directly nor indirectly fostered expectations of an inheritance from me. My dear Sibyl has been the companion and solace of my retirement, and she has enjoyed all those luxuries and comforts with which I have smoothed the pathway of my declining years. Should there be any balance, or a residue of the money now in my banker's hands, at the time of my death, after the payment of my just debts, I hereby give the same to my friend and successor in commerce, Joel Pilgrim; but as I apprehend that my moneys in hand will hardly suffice to pay my outstanding accounts, I have not taken the trouble to put this bequest in the form of a will. STEPHEN TRENCHARD.

"*May* 20, 187-."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TALLEYRAND AND THE ABBÉ DE PRADT.

THE Abbé de Pradt, who, though a man of considerable parts, was a vain intriguer, was at the time of the Bourbon Restoration Archbishop of Mechlin. He was a good hater of Napoleon, and his vanity and pride were much hurt that no place had been found for him in the arrangements made for the Restoration. He went to Talleyrand to complain of his being set on one side, and Talleyrand took the opportunity of putting upon him a practical joke, which the vanity of De Pradt prevented him utterly from seeing through.

"And who thinks of setting you aside?" said Talleyrand. "You can do us the greatest service at once. Have you a white handkerchief?"

"Yes."

"Very white?" (White was the Bourbon color.) The archbishop exhibited it. "That will do," said Talleyrand. "Now look at me."

Talleyrand seized the handkerchief by a corner and waved it in the air, crying, "Vive le roi! You see what I do. Now go down stairs. Go along the boulevard of the Madeleine, and follow the boulevards all along to the Faubourg St. Antoine, and keep on waving your handkerchief and crying, 'Vive le roi!'"

"Mon prince, you are not serious? How can I in my archiepiscopal robes?"

"Precisely. If you had not got them on, you would have to go home and put yourself in costume—cross of archbishop, coif, and all that kind of thing; that will have an effect, and effect it is we want."

Neither the wit nor the knowledge of the world of De Pradt was sufficient to save him from playing this ridiculous part. He followed the injunctions to the letter, and would have gone from one end of Paris on to the other in the fashion prescribed by Talleyrand had he not been mobbed by a knot of Bonapartists, who fell upon him on the Boulevard Poissonnière, and gave him such rough treatment that he was glad to escape up a back street. He returned to Talleyrand's hôtel out of breath, and bespattered with mud up to the nape of his neck. The archbishop rushed before Talleyrand, and, true to his vain and mendacious character, boasted of his success. Talleyrand listened calmly to the account of his exploits, and said, "I told you you would make a prodigious sensation in that costume."

One could hardly credit this story of the Abbé de Pradt had not the Duke of Wellington told another of him equally incredible.

When the Duke of Wellington was in Paris after 1815 he found himself in the centre of a group to which the Abbé de Pradt was discoursing. At the end of his speech he cried, "There is but one man who has saved Europe." The Duke said, "I began to feel uncomfortable, as he had his eye on me; however, the abbé saved me all pain to my modesty, for he immediately added, striking his breast, 'C'est moi.'"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE.—Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

Why is a mad bull an animal of a convivial disposition?—Because he offers a horn to every one he meets.

Some men keep savage dogs around their houses, so that the hungry poor who stop to "get a bite" may get it outside the door.

Mistresses show more consideration for their servants than is generally supposed. Not long ago Mrs. Fidgitt was heard telling Mary Ann that she had been scouring the whole house for her.

"If there is any body under the canister of heaven that I have in utter excrescence," says Mrs. Partington, "it is the slander, going about like a boy-constructor, circulating his calomel upon honest folks."

The individual who was accidentally injured by the discharge of his duty is still very low.

A friend once visiting an unworldly philosopher, whose mind was his kingdom, expressed surprise at the smallness of his apartment. "Why, you have not room to swing a cat!" "My friend," was the serene, unappreciative reply, "I do not want to swing a cat."

A modest minister out West marries for a drink of whisky, a dozen eggs, and the first kiss of the bride.

An elderly dandy, who was more noted for running into debt than for paying his tradesmen, made an exception in favor of his wig-maker, that he might be enabled to say he wore his "own hair."

A poor Irishman was about to sell his saucepan, when his children remonstrated. "Ah, me honeys," said he, "I would not be afther partin' with it but for want of a little money to buy something to put in it."

"There's no humbug about these sardines," said Brown, as he helped himself to a third plateful from a newly opened box; "they are the genuine article, and came all the way from the Mediterranean." "Yes," replied his economical wife, "and if you will only control your appetite, they will go a great deal farther."

A man hearing of another who was a hundred years old, said, contemptuously, "Pshaw! what a fuss about nothing! Why, if *my* grandfather was alive, he would now be a hundred and fifty years old!"

An Irish guide told Dr. James Johnson, who wished for a reason why Echo was always of the feminine gender, that "maybe it was because she always had the last word."

"Father, did Casca, that helped to kill Julius Cæsar, own a great many houses?" "No, my dear, not that I know of. What makes you think he did?" "Because, father, I am reading here where it says, 'See what a *rent* the envious Casca made!'" Joy was in that father's countenance, and the mother looked delighted at the wisdom of her only son.

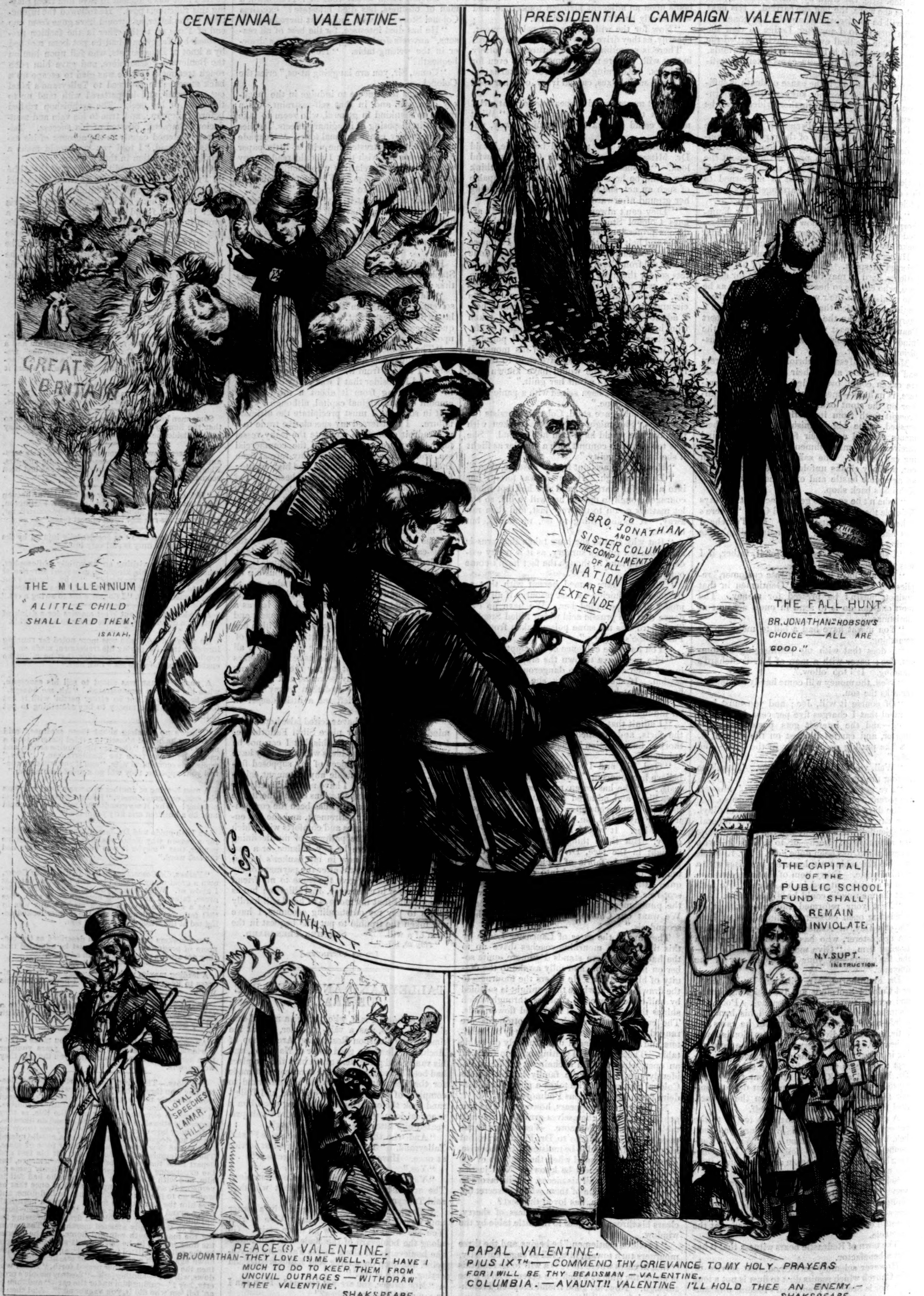
Pawnbrokers have never been described as the pioneers of progress, although it must be admitted that they are always ready to make an advance.

A leading maxim with almost every politician is always to keep his countenance, and never to keep his word.

"Shall I have your hand?" said an exquisite to a belle, as the dance was about to commence. "With all my heart," was the soft response.

An experienced old stager says, if you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters.

FOR BOYS.—There is a nice little story about a Boston boy who threw a ball through a window, and then went honestly to the owner of the house, confessed what he had done, and gave him his father's address. It is well to circulate good stories like this, as they frequently stimulate other boys to go and do likewise. A Danbury boy who had read this story was throwing stones at a dog on White Street, when a missile missed its aim and flew through a four-dollar pane of glass. The first impulse of the boy was to lift his feet and depart from that neighborhood with vehemence, but the experience of the Boston boy suddenly came to him, and with it the glow of pleasure he had felt in perusing it, and he made up his mind at once that he would go to the man, tell him what he had done, and give him the name of his father. It was a beautiful, nay, a grand and inspiring scene, this little pale-faced but honest-eyed boy humbly but firmly confessing the wrong to the deeply affected merchant. That evening the manly youth returned home. As he opened the door to pass in, he felt himself suddenly grasped by the collar and lifted into the air, and then dropped down again with a swiftness that startled him. And then the voice of his father pealed forth, "Break windows, will ye?"—another jerk—"destroy people's property, hey?"—cuffing him under the ear—"and then go an' tell 'em who did it, you vagabond?" And then he picked up the struggling and screaming but noble lad and threw him over his knee, and during the next five minutes a boiler explosion might have taken place in the next building without being noticed.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THE MILLENNIUM
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THIRD TERM
THE FALL HUNT
BR. JONATHAN—HOBSON'S CHOICE——ALL ARE GOOD."
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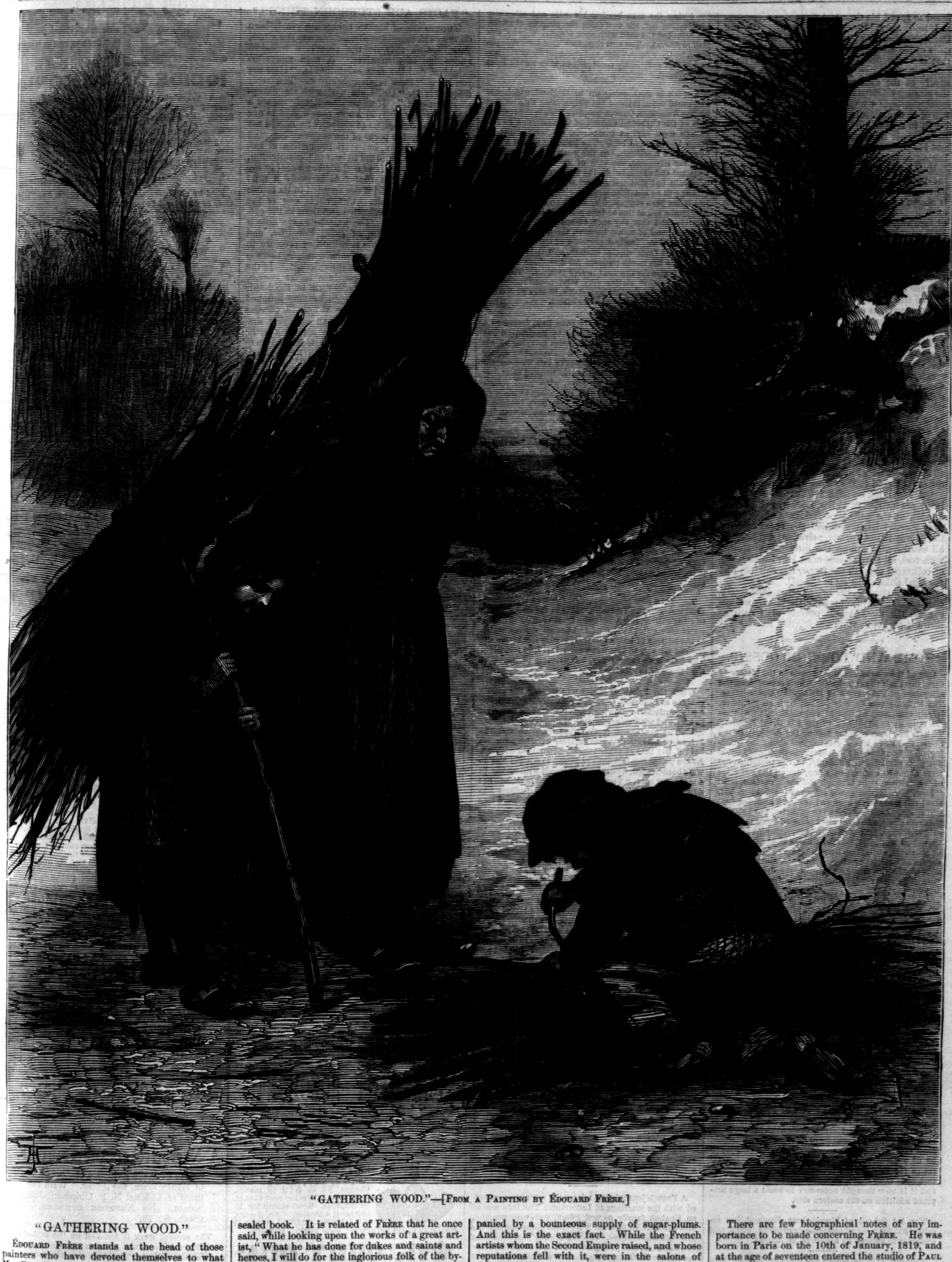
SHAKSPEARE.
PAPAL VALENTINE.
PIUS IXTH——COMMEND THY GRIEVANCE TO MY HOLY PRAYERS FOR I WILL BE THY BEADSMAN—VALENTINE.
COLUMBIA.—AVAUNT!! VALENTINE I'LL HOLD THEE AN ENEMY.—
SHAKSPEARE.

UNCLE SAM'S VALENTINES.



"GATHERING WOOD."—[FROM A PAINTING BY ÉDOUARD FRÈRE.]

"GATHERING WOOD."

ÉDOUARD FRÈRE stands at the head of those painters who have devoted themselves to what Mr. **CONWAY** happily styles "sympathetic art." Unquestionably the great charm possessed by the works of **ÉDOUARD FRÈRE** lies in their direct appeal to the beholder for gentler and tenderer feeling toward the sorrowful, the struggling, and the poor. What **CHARLES DICKENS** sought to do with his pen, **FRÈRE** has also endeavored to accomplish with his brush—the introduction and more familiar acquaintance of the rich and powerful with the poor and lowly. He discovers the romance of poverty, unveils the heroic and pathetic in common life, and commends it to the attention of that class to which it is too often a sealed book. It is related of **FRÈRE** that he once said, while looking upon the works of a great artist, "What he has done for dukes and saints and heroes, I will do for the inglorious folk of the by-ways."

ÉDOUARD FRÈRE differs from the rest of his school chiefly in that his every work bears evidence of having resulted from a personal acquaintance with his subject. **RUSKIN** says: "It is mainly because one painter has communion of heart with his subject, and the other only casts his eye feelinglessly upon it, that the work of one is greater than that of the other." On looking upon the pictures of **FRÈRE** the beholder is impressed with the idea that he has eaten and slept in the cottages he paints, and that he must have fascinated the children with sweet stories, accompanied by a bounteous supply of sugar-plums. And this is the exact fact. While the French artists whom the Second Empire raised, and whose reputations fell with it, were in the salons of Paris receiving imperial patronage and being decorated with ribbons, **ÉDOUARD FRÈRE** was traveling about the by-ways of France, dressed like a farmer, chatting in barn-yards and hay fields with peasants, getting into their good graces, and delighting them with his genial manners and charming little pictures. To him they unfolded all their treasures, and their smiles lasted as long as he remained. Among the fashionable he is shy enough; among the poor he appears as a disguised prince with endless resources. All through France he wandered, gathering every where the materials for his wonderful pictures.

There are few biographical notes of any importance to be made concerning **FRÈRE**. He was born in Paris on the 10th of January, 1819, and at the age of seventeen entered the studio of **PAUL DELAROCHE**, who recognized his genius and became interested in its development. His first picture in any public exhibition appeared in 1843. It was called "The Little Gourmand." He then did a vast deal of work, for he was what the French call *fécond;* but there were never any hasty strokes: he was as conscientious as industrious. This new character who had come to the studio of **DELAROCHE** was a marvel to the critics. The stately artist seemed to have captured a wild creature who could not assimilate with the dignified school of his eminent master. He took his expression even from the people among whom he loved to spend his time, and there was a countryfied look about him that contrasted with the Parisian elegance of his confrères. But the results of his labors were of a substantial character that it was impossible to mistake. Their rapid sale justified their production, in spite of the sneers of the conservatives in art. He painted the country children in all their performances and amusements in a way that made him the Columbus of an undiscovered artistic world. His works began to appear in engravings among the people. He received three medals from the expositions, and his popularity won him the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

How faithfully Frère has followed the life of the poor into its very depths and by-ways, and mastered the inner secrets of his particular art, is shown by the apparently incongruous appearance in some of his cottage interiors of articles of rare value and elegance, such as an old Louis XIV. chair, a bit of tapestry, or some specimen of *virtu*. These apparent blunders in reality reveal the fidelity and painstaking care of the artist. It is a fact that the French Revolution scattered just such articles from aristocratic mansions into the old furniture shops of Paris and the provincial cities, and that very many of them filtered into the cottages of the poor, where they are preserved with the utmost care.

A touching story is told of the permission given to Frère by the King of Prussia to return to his home from Paris when that city was invested by the German armies. It is said that when the rough soldiery entered his studio, their hearts were softened and their hands stayed by the sight of the pictures on the walls. Naturally the interiors of French and German cottages have many points of similarity. The memories of peaceful homes in the father-land conquered the Prussians in a way that shot and shell were powerless to do. They had not come to make war upon the painter of these quiet scenes. "By all means let Herr Frère pass where he will," was the order issued to the officer in command.

Our engraving on page 173 is from one of the latest productions of Frère, recently exhibited in London at the gallery of Messrs. Agnew. The snow-covered landscape and the occupation of the figures tell of poverty, privation, and labor in all weathers. To keep the little cabin stocked with fuel, all the inmates must join in the work of collecting wood in the forest, the children and the aged alike assisting in the toil. Yet saddening as the story is, the bright faces of the little ones and the brave courage of the elderly woman suggest the thought that poverty even such as theirs is perhaps not an unmitigated ill.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

One of the most distressing events in the history of Cincinnati was the catastrophe which occurred on the afternoon of February 5 at Robinson's Opera-house. The building was densely packed with an audience, largely composed of women and children, to witness the allegory and tableaux of the *The Great Republic*. Tickets had been sold far beyond the capacity of the house, and there was a great crowd about the building, on the outside, of those who held tickets but could not gain admission. Suddenly, as the performances were about to commence, a boy, seeing the red glare of the calcium light through the stage curtain, cried "Fire!" A fearful panic followed—appalling, but, alas! not new: such horrors have been recorded time and again. Rushing from the galleries, the balcony, the dress circle, a frantic crowd plunged down the intricate stairways, falling in confusion, trampled upon by those behind, until the vestibule was filled with a mass of prostrate, struggling human beings. The exit passage was completely clogged by the crowd from the street. Shrieks and groans from the dying and the wounded, and panic-stricken cries from those yet within the building, completed the horror of the scene. We need not go into the dreadful details. Nine women and children were killed outright or died within an hour after the disaster; many others were most seriously injured. The lessons to be learned from such a calamity are plain and clear: the lesson to architects, in regard to the construction of public buildings, so as to allow free and speedy exit to a large audience; the lesson to managers of theatres and places of public gathering, in regard to sale of tickets and overcrowding their houses; the lesson of self-control and presence of mind for every body, especially when in a crowd—these and many other lessons. But they have been often taught. Who have learned them?

In old times church government was strict enough. In the record book of an old Connecticut church, under date of 1702, appears the following: "For making a noise in church, Ann Bolton, spinster, is to sit three Sundays in the poor pew and pay a fine of five shillings."

According to the annual report of President Eliot, Harvard University Library has an annual income of more than $10,000, exclusively devoted to the purchase of books, although about $4200 of this amount, derived from railroad bonds, is considered by some persons to be of a precarious nature. But the library has no funds for salaries, the cost of cataloguing, binding, fuel, etc. Gore Hall is already overflowing with books, and it is now thought necessary to build a large fireproof addition on the eastern side.

The Art School of Birmingham, England, has received $50,000 from an unknown benefactor, which will enable it to enlarge its sphere of usefulness.

Thirteen hundred letters are reported to have been mailed from Vassar College in one day. What a blessing to the Post-office Department would be a few dozen institutions of the same sort!

The Khedive of Egypt intends that the girls of his country shall be educated as well as the boys. Excellent schools have been established for both boys and girls, under the direction of skillful European instructors.

The cow is a noble and humane animal. In proof of which statement we give the following incident: A farmer's wife in a Yorkshire (England) town was recently assaulted by her husband in a field where there was a cow that the woman had greatly petted. On seeing the man beating his wife and otherwise maltreating her, the cow came charging up the field, and attacked the man with such ferocity that he was glad to retreat. The cow then took up a defensive position by the woman's side, and stood perfectly still until she had sufficiently recovered to take refuge from her husband.

A work is now going on in England which has awakened much interest not only among English, but among American, Church people. This is the restoration of the Cathedral Church of Chester—one of England's most ancient cathedrals, originally built by Hugh Lupus about 1095. The building was in a very dilapidated condition, but the work of restoration is now far advanced, the sum of £60,000 having been collected and expended on the undertaking. There is no doubt but that the £20,000 which will yet be required will be obtained without difficulty. Nevertheless it has been suggested by the Dean of Chester that Americans might like to take part in this work of restoration, and that any such co-operation would be a pleasant bond of union between the Churches in the two countries. Distinct portions of the work are receiving aid from special sources, and it is proposed to reserve the north transept for donations from the United States for the next twelve months. Those interested in this matter may send contributions to Howard Potter, Esq., of New York, in care of Messrs. Brown Brothers, bankers, Wall Street.

Hundreds of missing letters have been traced to a dishonest letter-carrier, Bissinsky by name, who has recently been discovered to have been carrying on his letter robbery for some time past. Postmaster James having been informed a few weeks ago that certain letters deposited in Station E never reached their destination, put detectives at work, with good result. The letter thief has destroyed, according to his own confession, hundreds of letters that have contained nothing of value to him, besides many containing money, checks, etc.

A medical journal relates an incident which is stated to have been witnessed in a well-filled street car in Brooklyn. A gentleman with an acute sense of smell made his way to the door, and observed, as he made his way, "Somebody in this car has small-pox." The effect was, the conductor soon found himself with but one passenger left—a poor woman with a bundle. He inquired of her why she did not leave too, and received for reply: "I haven't got it much yet; it only began to break out yesterday, and the doctor who called to see me told me I'd have to go to the hospital, and I'm on my way there now." We have faith to believe that such an incident is a solitary one of its kind, and that it happened so long ago that car-riding is now entirely safe.

There is a new wonder reported from California—a rival valley to the Yosemite. It is in the South Forks of King's River, forty-five miles from Visalia. The valley is nine miles in length, and has an average width at the bottom of half a mile. It is 5000 feet above the level of the sea, and its walls are about 3000 feet high. The falls have more water, but are less picturesque, than those of the Yosemite.

When the Prince of Wales was visiting the public gardens at Colombo, Ceylon, a police officer, noticing a tall gentleman following close behind him, went up to him, and with an angry oath bade him take off his hat. The gentleman replied that when he met the Prince or had occasion to address him, he took his hat off, but that at other times he remained covered. As the policeman had not the power to compel him to walk bare-headed, he contented himself with saying, in a menacing tone, "You had better stand back, and not dog his Royal Highness like that." The officer was somewhat chagrined when he afterward learned that the suspicious character whom he had threatened was the Duke of Sutherland.

The choir which assists in the religious services under the charge of Messrs. Moody and Sankey at the Hippodrome numbers about 1250; of these, about 600 are sopranos. The singing is a very interesting and important part of the exercises at these meetings.

Dean Swift left the hiring of his servants to his housekeeper. When they were engaged he informed them that he had but two commands to give them—one, *to shut the door whenever they came into a room;* the other, *to shut the door whenever they went out of a room.* On one occasion a maid-servant requested permission to go to her sister's wedding, ten miles distant. The dean not only consented, but gave her the use of a horse and driver. The maid, in her joy at this favor, forgot to shut the door when she left the dean's room. A few moments after she had left the house he ordered a servant to ride after her and request her immediate return. The girl returned, much disturbed, and desired to know her master's commands. "Only to shut the door after you," was the reply. And then he permitted her to resume her journey.

China has the largest garden in the world. There are fifty thousand square miles around Shanghai which are called the Garden of China, and have been for hundreds of years under a high state of cultivation. Three crops a year are harvested. It is all meadow land, raised but a few feet above the water, and has a complete net-work of water communication.

The Empress of Japan is full of interest in all educational matters. She has decided on the erection of a college for young girls who wish to devote themselves to teaching.

A French journal thus relates the romance connected with the marriage of Lamartine: The lady was of an English family named Birch, and very wealthy. She first fell in love with the poet from reading his *Méditations Poétiques.* She was slightly past the bloom of youth, but still young and fair. At length she saw Lamartine in Geneva, and her love became a part of her very life. Not long after this she was made acquainted with the fact that the poet was suffering from the embarrassed state of his pecuniary affairs. Miss Birch wrote to him a frank and womanly letter, acknowledging her deep interest and profound respect, and offering him the bulk of her fortune if he was willing to accept it. Of course Lamartine could not but suspect the truth. Deeply touched by her generosity, he called upon her, and found her to be not only fair to look upon, but a woman of a brilliant literary and artistic education. He made an offer of his hand and heart, which was promptly and gladly accepted; and in the after-years Alphonse de Lamartine owed not more to his wife's wealth than to her sustaining love and inspiring enthusiasm.

"FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS."

Thousands of human beings are yearly born on the swift current of disease down to the grave, just because they do not possess a sufficient knowledge of themselves. A man meets his neighbor, and the first salutation is, "How are you?" or "How is your health?" The reply frequently is, "Oh, I am well, with the exception of a cold." Most persons lightly regard a cold. Reader, do you know that a cold is one of the most dangerous of maladies? A cold not only clogs up the pores of the entire system, and retards circulation, but it is productive of Catarrh, which is quite apt to lead to Consumption. "Oh," you say, "It is nothing but a *cold* in my head." True; but *that cold* is really a mild form of Catarrh, and if not arrested in its course will become chronic. Catarrh is one of the most disagreeable, offensive affections in the catalogue of diseases. The passage to the nose is obstructed, the sense of smell impaired, and there is a disagreeable sensation of pressure in the head. In the more advanced stages, there is a discharge having an offensive odor. If the disease be allowed to continue in its course, thick, hard incrustations will form in the head, the bones of which sometimes become softened and break away in pieces. Why will persons continue to suffer from such an annoying, disgusting disease, when they can just as well be cured of it? Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure the worst forms of Catarrh; in fact, it is the only sure and safe remedy which has yet been offered to the public. Many harsh, irritating preparations may for a time relieve the urgency of the symptoms, but they do not cure the disease. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is soothing and healing in its effects, and when used with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, according to directions, does not fail to effect a cure. Sold by all Druggists.—[*Com.*]

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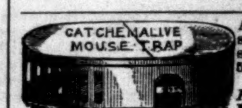

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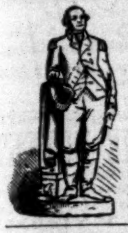

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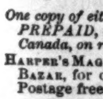

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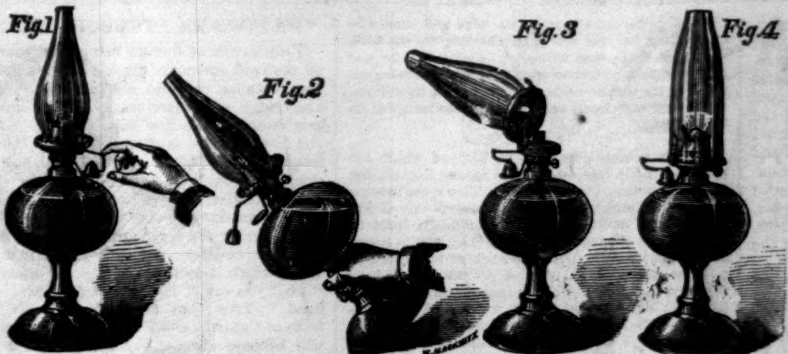

The above cut shows the Edholm Patent Safety Extinguisher Burners, justly celebrated, wherever known, for their great safety. The extinguishing device consists of a Sleeve, surrounding the wick-tube, which is moved up and down, 1st, by a lever which passes through a fin on its side, and 2d, by the weight attached to the chain, which is attached to the fin. When this Sleeve is thrown up, either by touching the lever, or by the dropping of the weight, the flame is confined inside of it, and the heat drives out the air and creates a vacuum in which flame cannot exist, hence the light is put out as quick as a flash.

Fig. 1 shows a lighted lamp being *extinguished at bed time* by the person using it. Fig. 2 shows the same lamp being partly overturned and extinguished by the weight dropping off the shelf and throwing the Sleeve up, as shown inside the chimney in the cut. This would *always happen*, in case the lamp was *accidentally upset*, thus rendering it *impossible* to overturn the Lamp without *putting out the light* before it can *break*, and the oil *take fire.*

IN THIS FEATURE IS ITS GREAT IMPORTANCE,

Because *statistics prove* that from this one cause of *upsetting lighted lamps*, 1250 persons (mostly women and children) *are burned to death* each year, and more than $25,000,000 worth of property destroyed.

A FEW CASES IN POINT.

No. 1. About October 1, 1875, a young woman in the village of Indiana, Pa., sat sewing with her lamp in her lap. A sudden motion threw her lamp to the floor, it broke, the oil caught fire, exploded and *burned the young woman to death.* If her lamp had been supplied with an Edholm Burner, costing only 50 cents, she would have been alive and well to-day.

No. 2. About October 1, 1875, a young gardener and wife, living in Minneapolis, Minn., were assorting seeds, and had their lighted lamp sitting on a box. He accidentally struck his foot against the box, knocking the lamp off; it broke, the oil took fire, exploded, flew all over the room, so that they barely escaped with their lives. The house burned to the ground, and with it, $1,500 in greenbacks, which he had in his bureau. If their lamp had been supplied with an Edholm Burner, at a cost of only 50 cents, that man would have been *at least $1,500 better off to-day.*

No. 3. About October 25, 1875, a lady on Olive street, in this city (St. Louis, Mo.), was crossing a room with a lighted lamp in her hand; her shoe caught in a rug, she stumbled, dropped her lamp, it broke, the oil took fire, exploded, and *burned her to death.* If her lamp had been supplied with an Edholm Burner, at a cost of only 50 cents, she would have been *alive and well to-day.*

No. 4. A widow and two little girls sat down to supper October 12, in Lake City, Minn. One of the children pulled the table cloth off the table. The lighted lamp fell to the floor, broke, the oil caught fire, exploded, set their clothing on fire, and *burned all three to death.* If that lamp had been supplied with an Edholm Burner, costing 50 cents, that family would have been alive and well to-day.

No 5. About November 1, 1875, a guest in the St. Cloud Hotel, in Sherman, Texas, upset his lighted lamp in his room, resulting in the total destruction of the best portion of the town, and causing a loss of $500,000. One 50 cent Edholm Burner would have *prevented this conflagration*, and saved money enough to have placed an Edholm Burner on one lamp in each one of *one million families.*

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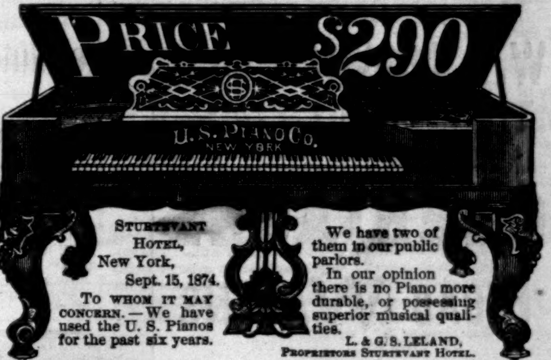

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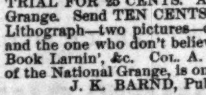

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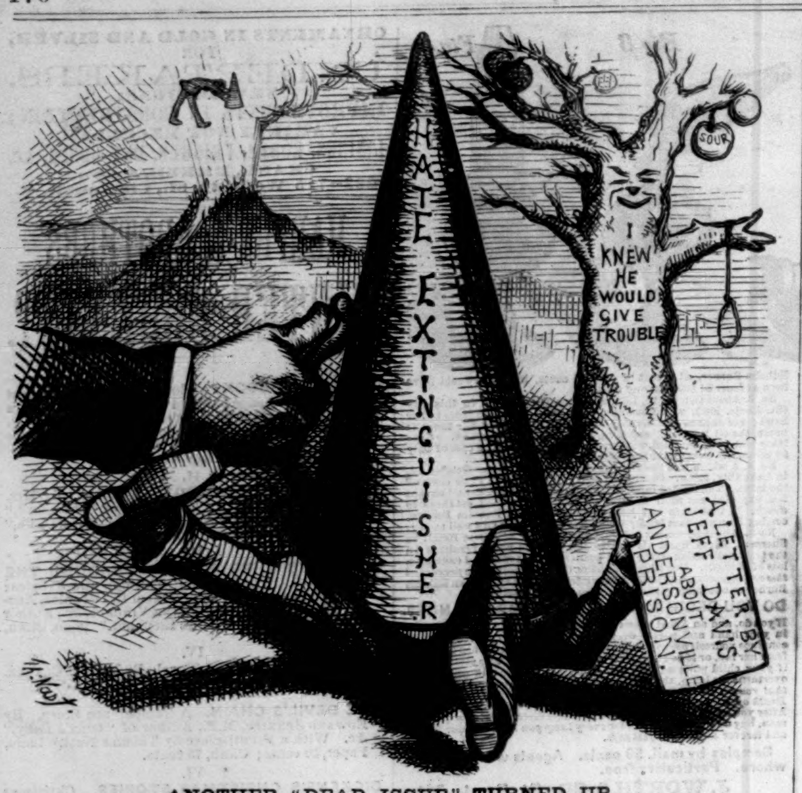
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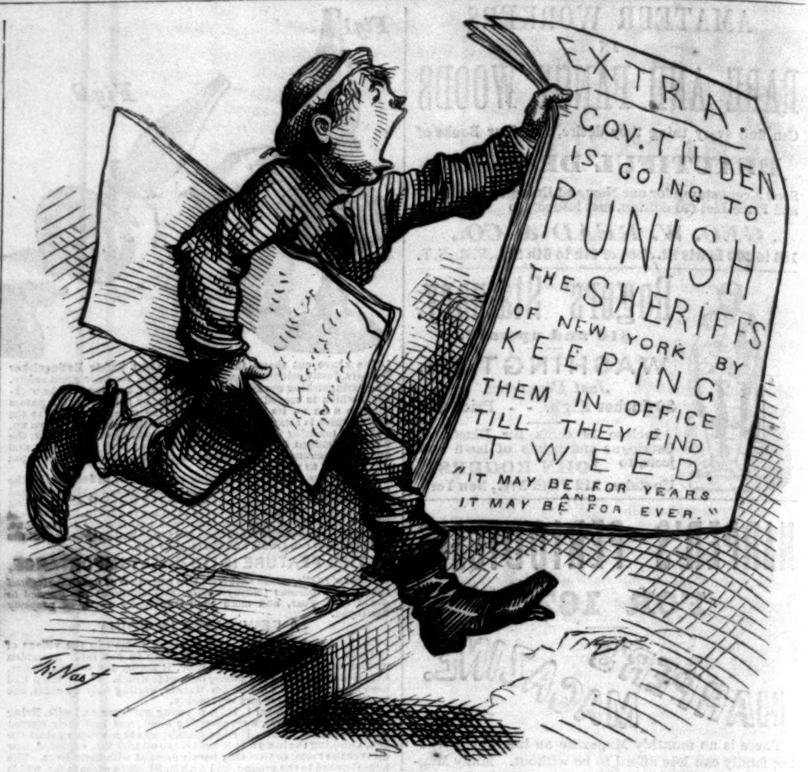
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STATEMENT OF
The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New-York,

F. S. WINSTON, President,

FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1875.

ANNUITY ACCOUNT.

	No.	Ann. Pay'ts.		No.	Ann. Pay'ts.
In force, Jan. 1st, 1875	49	$26,653 00	In force, Jan. 1st, 1876	55	$27,965 72
Issued	9	4,224,30	Terminated	3	2,911 58
	58	$30,877 30		58	$30,877 30

INSURANCE ACCOUNT.

	No.	Amount.		No.	Amount.
In force, Jan. 1st, 1875	90,914	$301,928,726	In force, Jan. 1st, 1876	92,393	$305,057,221
New Risks	9,842	34,905,100	Terminated	8,363	31,776,605
	100,756	$336.833,826		100,756	$336,833,826

REVENUE ACCOUNT.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Balance from last account	$69,157,411 31	By paid Death and Endowment Claims	$4,385,083 28
" Premiums received	15,731,970 49	" " Annuities	25,252 60
" Interest and Rents	4,668,998 16	" " Dividends	3,539,663 67
		" " Surrendered Policies and Additions	4,724,893,79
		" " Commissions (payment of current and extinguishment of future)	762,365 00
		" " Expenses and Taxes	706,198 11
		Balance to New Account	75,414,923 42
	$89,558,379 96		$89,558,379,96

BALANCE SHEET.

Dr.		Cr.	
To Reserve at four per cent	$74,167,274 57	By Bonds and Mortgages	$60,071,189 91
" Claims by Death, not yet due	652,245 85	" United States and New-York State Stocks	9,004,971 13
" Premiums paid in advance	30,179 78	" Real Estate	3,572,655 41
" Contingent Guarantee Fund	250,000 00	" Cash in Banks and Trust Companies at interest	3,850,255 76
" Undivided Surplus	3,730,494 51	" Interest accrued	1,177,105 25
		" Premiums deferred, quarterly and semi-annual	1,032,495 41
		" Premiums in transit, principally for December	111,369 50
		" Balances due by Agents	10,152 34
	$78,830,194 71		$78,830,194 71

From the Undivided Surplus a Dividend will be apportioned to each Policy which shall be in force at its anniversary in 1876.

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement, and find the same correct.
January 18th, 1876. ISAAC F. LLOYD, *Auditor.*

NOTE.—By act of the Trustees the membership of this Company is limited to one hundred thousand insured lives.

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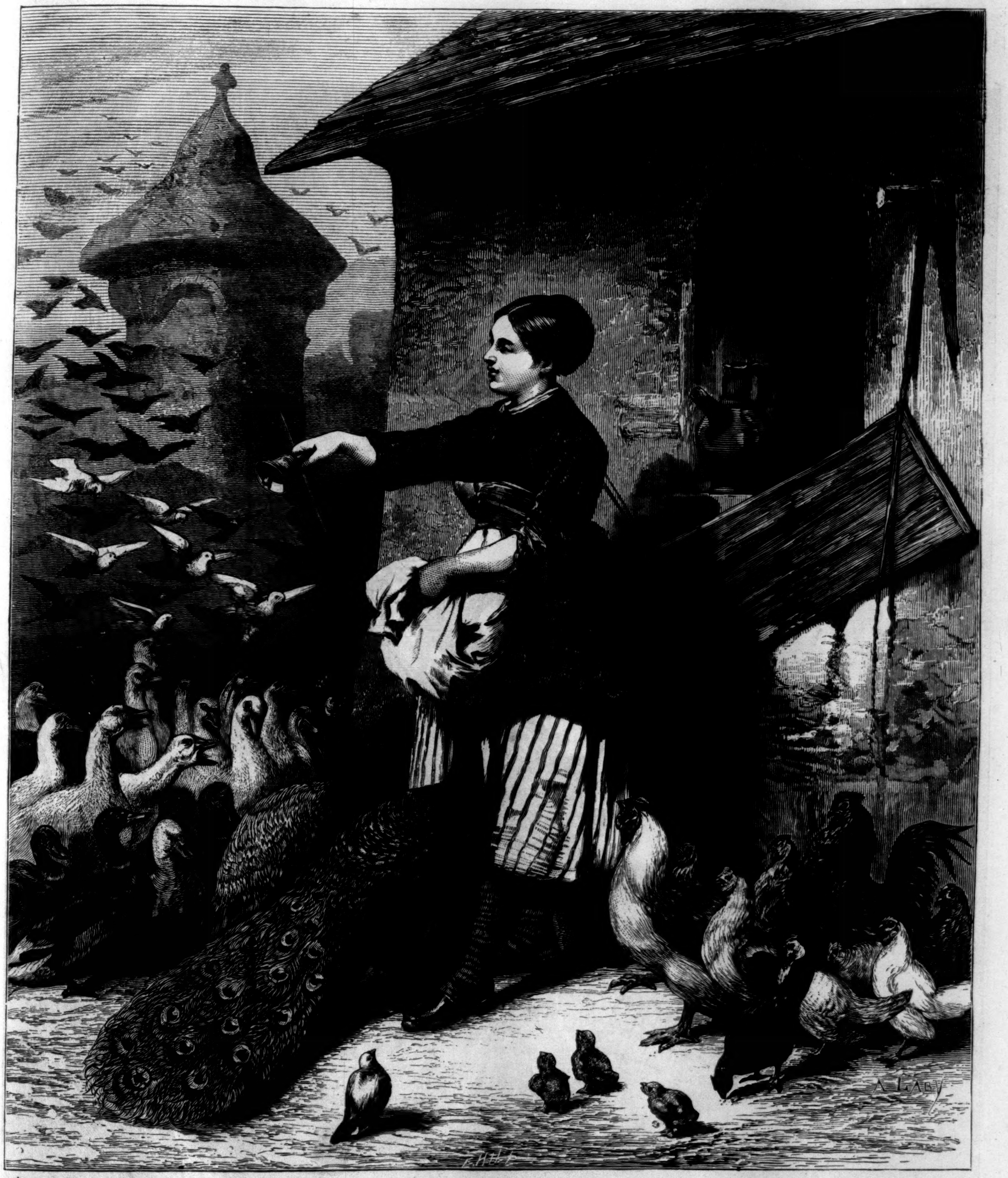


THE DINNER BELL—A SKETCH NEAR SILBERHAUSEN, SAXONY.

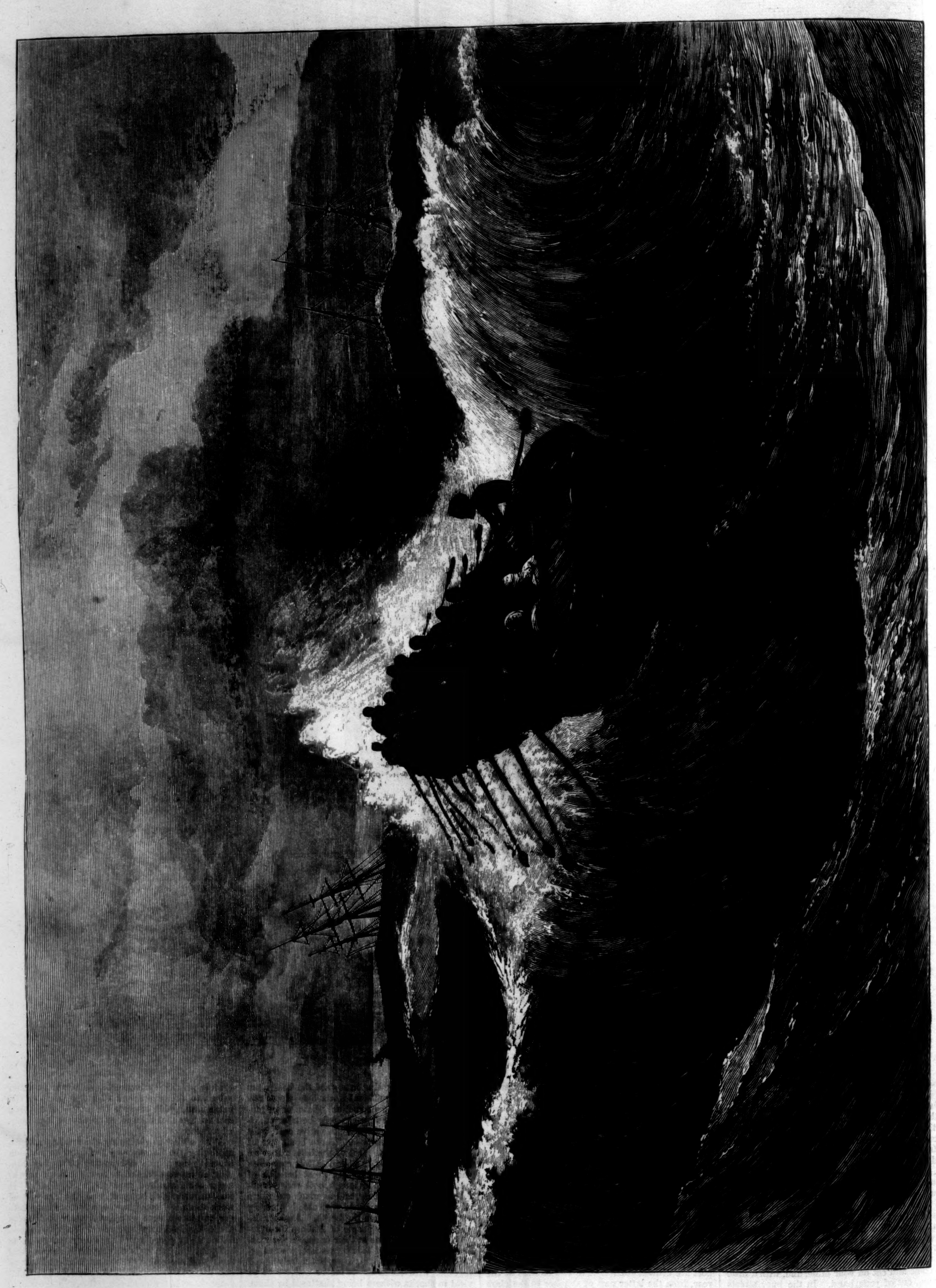
THE DINNER BELL.

SAXONY is the birds' paradise. There they are neither shot, caught, nor in any way molested; on the contrary, they are so kindly and tenderly cared for, the inhabitants build for them wooden nests, which are hung wherever there is a tree, a garden, a promenade, a wood; and if all these fail, they hang the nest on their back wall, adding a small twig for the little creature to hop on. Young and old all seem to take their share in the care of birds; little children share their breakfast and cake with them; while many a man has always a handful of corn for the pigeons he may meet on his way, and these are so tame that you are obliged to mind how you walk lest you tread on some of them. In the gardens they will come and eat on your table, and, with a little coaxing, out of your hand. In the busy streets of a busy town you will occasionally hear the tingle of a bell, and in a moment a flock of pigeons and sparrows are down, a lady from a window serves them their dinner; whose pigeons they are she knows no more than we do. The picture, "The Dinner Bell," represents a farm-yard; a young maid calls the birds to their meal, and up they come with a will, young and old, big and small, not one missing. In a moment it will be such a pretty picture to see the maid sitting on a stone bench, the big birds—peacocks, turkeys, geese—feeding from her lap, while the small ones eat all around.

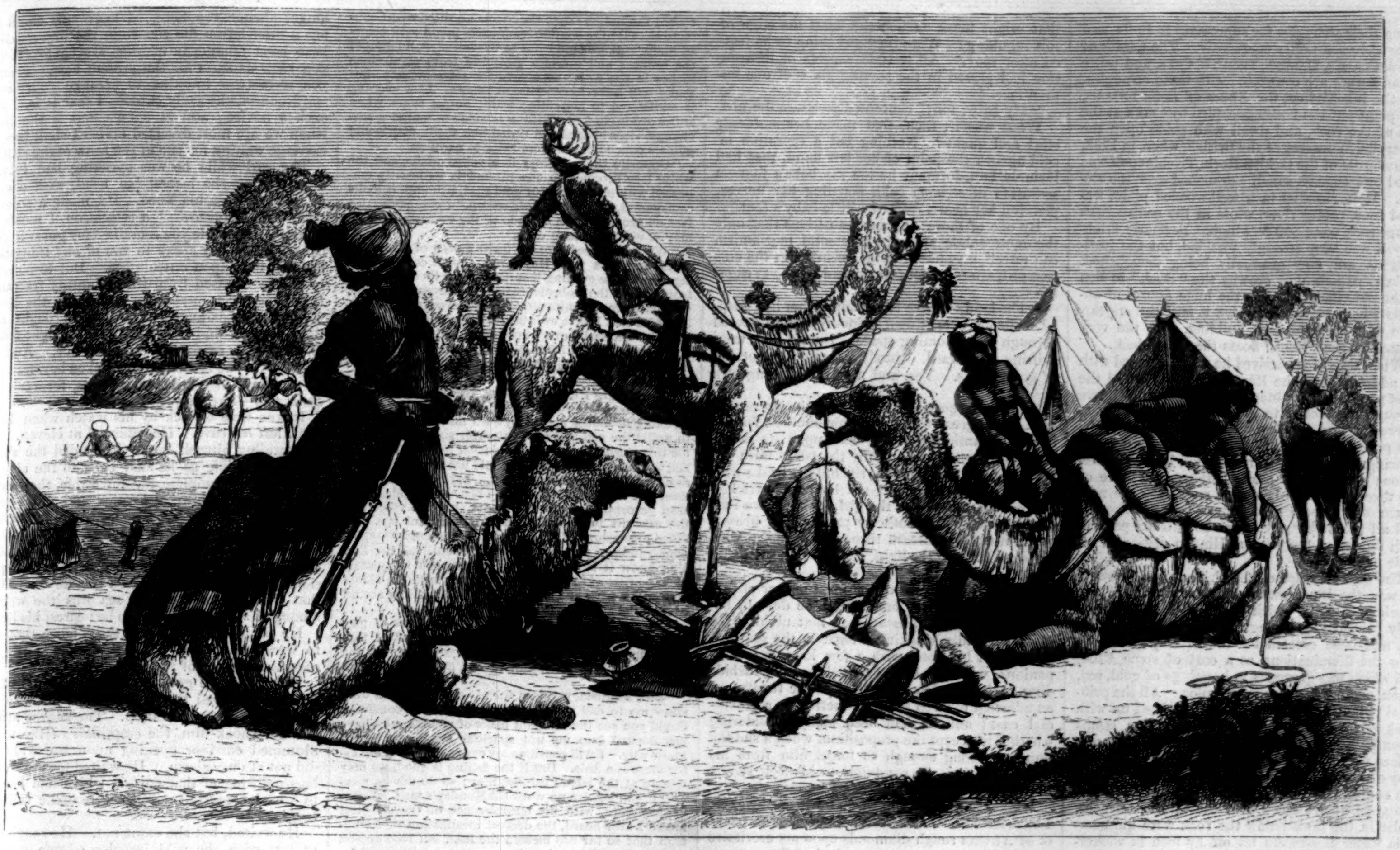
SURF-BOAT AT MADRAS.

No other commercial city in the world is so disadvantageously circumstanced for maintaining an extensive and regular foreign trade as Madras. The roadstead is entirely unprotected, and exposed to the violence of every wind, excepting those from the west, so that vessels visiting the port are without shelter. For two months of the year, from the latter part of October to the close of December, even the crews of ships of the line, with all their appliances, are unable to communicate with the shore without great danger, and at no time can they do so in their own boats. The surf is less violent and dangerous with a westerly wind, which, blowing off shore, diminishes the force of the sea setting in toward the beach, but it is at all times sufficient to dash to pieces any boat of European construction. Landing or putting off to the shipping can only be effected, either for goods or passengers, in native craft built expressly for the purpose. These boats are of various descriptions. One of the better class we see in our engraving on page 178. It resembles the common life-boat, having great breadth of beam in proportion to its length, both ends rounded alike, a long flat floor, and as much curvature of keel as can be combined with steady steering and a safe launch from the beach. Another device adopted by the people of Madras for overcoming the heavy seas in their harbor is the massoola-boat, a sort of small raft constructed of planks, without ribs or timbers, but merely sewed together with cocoa-nut twine or coir, so as to yield to shocks without being shattered by them. During the monsoon, however, even in these boats the landing is most dangerous, and many lives have been lost from time to time by rashly attempting it, the horror and danger being increased by sharks ready to devour any person that may be exposed to their attacks. Another smaller craft in which the adventurous natives trust themselves, to the amazement of a foreigner, is the catamaran, which consists frequently of nothing more substantial than three cocoa-tree logs lashed together.

With a view to sheltering the landing and diminishing the danger and inconvenience which attend going ashore and putting off to the shipping, an attempt was made to construct a breakwater three hundred yards from the beach. It was unsuccessful, however, and the abandoned work was itself considered a new source of danger, and buoys were placed to warn vessels from the locality. A breakwater to shelter ships would undoubtedly prove a work of enormous cost and difficulty, but the evils arising from the want of some such protection are almost incalculable, vessels being at present obliged to anchor two miles from shore, in ten or eleven fathoms, and exposed to a heavy swell rolling in from seaward, excepting when the wind blows from the westward or land side. Propositions for the protection of the shipping are constantly agitated, but no action has been taken in the matter by the authorities of Madras since the failure of the breakwater.



SURF-BOAT AT MADRAS GOING OUT TO A SHIP.—[SEE PAGE 177.]



INDIAN CAMEL RIDERS.

CAMEL RIDERS.

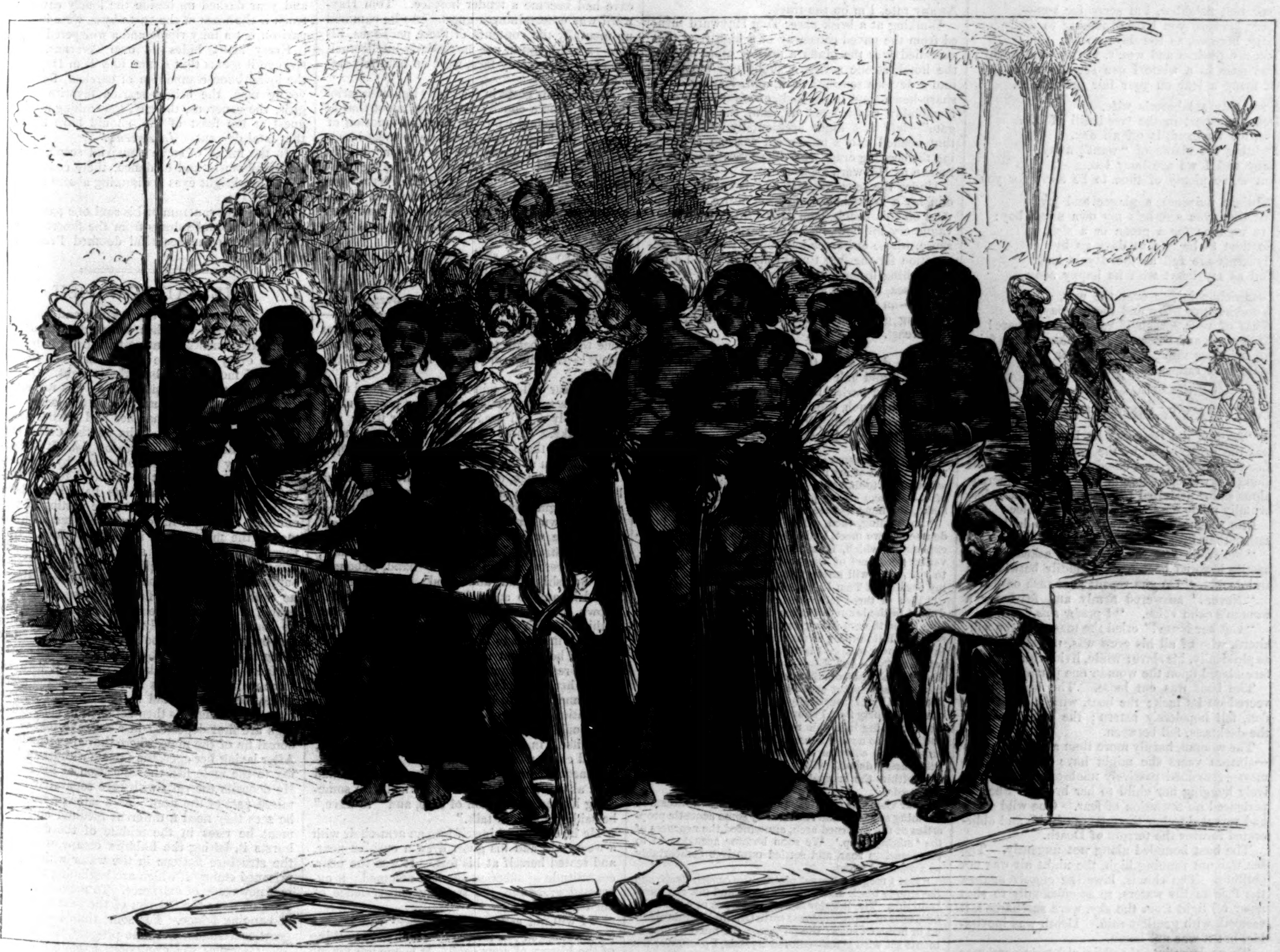
During the cold season regiments of all branches of the service in India, both native and European, are liable to transfer from one military station to another, according to orders issued by the commander-in-chief, and published in the *Gazette*, under the head of "Relief." Most of the native cavalry regiments have a certain number of camel *sowars* (horsemen) attached to them, whose duties are chiefly confined to the conveyance of dispatches and orders under circumstances in which the endurance of the camel is of special advantage. Many of these animals can sustain the fatigue of a fifty-mile march consecutively for many days.

The above illustration represents a party of these camel sowars en route, just preparing to leave their last night's camping ground.

RAILWAY STATION IN INDIA.

The Prince of Wales on the 10th of December last visited Tuticorin, in the Presidency of Madras, whence he continued his journey to Trichinopoli, upon the newly opened railway. All along the line the crowds of natives waiting for a glimpse of the Prince formed a striking spectacle. All classes came out, even the very poorest. Some were well dressed, others had scarcely a rag to cover their nakedness. They waited patiently, and the police found no trouble in preserving order. At some places, as shown in the picture below, a bamboo was put up as a barrier, behind which they stood.

Trichinopoli is a place of considerable historical interest, as it is the scene of many a hard-fought conflict between the English and French



A RAILWAY STATION IN INDIA—NATIVES WAITING TO SEE THE PRINCE.